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ABSTRACT

A practicum developed and implemented a program to help change students' negative attitude toward writing, with the conviction that if students enjoy writing they will write more and produce writing that clearly communicates their ideas. The practicum's objectives were for 50% of the targeted students to: (1) write for at least 15-20 minutes at a time when given a writing prompt; (2) gain a more positive attitude toward writing; (3) demonstrate an increase in the use of supporting ideas using details, examples, and vivid language; and (4) revise their own writing. The target group was 30 ninth-grade students in Florida of mixed abilities whose writing skills matched the district result of the tenth-grade writing assessment. Subjects were required to write a series of drafts, selecting one to rewrite, revise, and finalize. Results were that all objectives were met, with the target group improving dramatically in all areas. (Contains 2 tables of data; 17 references, 9 resources, and 13 appendixes, including a teacher survey, a student survey, and various examples of student writings.) (Author/CR)

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ED 393 122

TEACHING WRITING AS A PROCESS IN A 9TH GRADE ENGLISH CLASS

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by

Rosilis Cuevas

A Final Report submitted to the Faculty of the Fischler Center for the Advancement of Education of Nova Southeastern University in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the degree of Master of Education

The abstract of this report may be placed in the University database system for reference.

August 20, 1995

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Abstract

Development and Implementation of a Program for 9th grade High School Students.
Cuevas, Rosilis, 1995. Practicum Report, Nova Southeastern University, Fischler Center for the Advancement of Education.
Descriptors: High School regular students of mixed abilities.

This program was developed and implemented to help change students' negative attitude towards writing with the conviction that if students enjoy writing they will write more and produce writing that clearly communicates their ideas. The objectives for the program were for 50% of the targeted 9th grade students to write for at least fifteen to twenty minutes at a time when given a writing prompt; 50% of the students to gain a more positive attitude towards writing; 50% of the students to demonstrate an increase in the use of supporting ideas using details, examples, and vivid language; and 50% to revise their own writing. The target group was required to write a series of drafts selecting one to rewrite, revise and finalize. All the program objectives were met with the target group improving dramatically in all areas. Appendixes include samples of students' writing.

Authorship Statement

I hereby testify that this paper and the work it reports are entirely my own. When it has been necessary to draw from the work of others, published or unpublished, I have acknowledged such work in accordance with accepted scholarly and editorial practice. I give this testimony freely, out of respect for the scholarship of other professionals in the field and in the hope that my own work, presented here, will earn similar respect.

Rosita Ouro

student's signature

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CHAPTER I

Purpose

The site for this practicum is a high school located in a metropolitan area in the Southeastern Region of the United States. The county boasts an excellent school system serving nearly two hundred thousand students in kindergarten through twelfth grade, and an additional two hundred and fifty thousand adult students. The school chosen for this practicum was founded as the county laboratory for experiments in education, utilizing innovative curricula. The school is equipped with a School Improvement Team and Parent Advisory group which serve as forums where issues on educational improvement are discussed.

Some of the programs available at this site, such as magnet programs, compensatory education, exceptional clusters, advanced academic classes, and the English for Speakers of Other Languages (ESOL) programs are financed by lottery dollars.

The following data were obtained from the 1992-93 Florida School Report. The academic staff of this school is comprised of 87 certified full-time teachers and six administrators. The ethnic make up of the teaching staff is as follows: white, 69; black, 12; and Hispanic, 6. The teachers' academic preparation is as follows: Bachelors Degree, 46.5%; Masters Degree, 45.3%; Specialists Degree, 4.7; and Doctorate Degree, 3.5%. Of the full-time teachers five are first year teachers; 17 have 1-3 years' experience; 17 have 4-9 years' experience; 12 have 10 - 19 years'

experience; and 36 have 20 or more years of experience. The average class size in language arts is 18.1 students in grades 9 - 12.

The distribution of students by gender is 914 male and 875 female. The percentage of students by racial/ethnic group is as follows: white 63.2%, black 20.5%, Asian 8.8%, and other 7.5%. Because students attending this site come from various geographic locations throughout the county, their economic backgrounds fall within a wide spectrum.

The Scholastic Aptitude Test (SAT) average test scores for 1992-93 was 945, compared to the state's 884. The American College Test (ACT) average score was 21.4 compared to the state's 20.7. The attendance rate was 92.6%.

Students at this site are bused in from different areas of the county; therefore, parent involvement is minimal. Most of the parents involved with the school are parents of students in special programs.

The writer, with a Bachelors Degree and three years' teaching experience, holds certification in Elementary Education and Middle Grades English, and has ESOL endorsement. This writer is presently teaching five 9th grade English classes and is one of 18 language arts teachers at this site.

Problem Statement

The writer has observed that students do not often engage in the activity of writing. When writing is assigned in class, students are less than eager to write. Their writing is brief and lacking in development necessary to express ideas clearly.

The writing assessment designed to test the writing skills of public school students in the target district has shown in its two years of implementation that students of this geographical area are in fact mediocre writers. Effective writing, as described by this assessment, is characterized by the following:

- -- It is focused on the topic and does not contain extraneous information;
- -- It has an organizational pattern that enables the reader to follow the flow of ideas;
- -- It contains supporting ideas that are developed through the use of details, examples, and vivid language; and
- -- It has sentence variety and follows the conventions of standard written English (i.e., punctuation, capitalization, and spelling) (FDE, 1994).

The results of the "Florida Writes" assessment administered in 1994 showed that 10th graders in this district achieved an average score of 2.9 out of a possible score of 6. Students in the target school used in this practicum scored an average of 3.3. Though higher than the district's average, this test's results show that this school's 10th graders are struggling with writing. A 3-point score is given to "Writing that is focused but may contain ideas that are loosely connected to the topic. An organizational pattern is demonstrated, but the response may lack a logical progression of ideas. Development of support may be uneven. Word choice is adequate, and some variation in sentence structure is demonstrated. The response generally follows the conventions of mechanics, usage, punctuation, and spelling" (FDE, 1994, p.10).

A 2-point score is given to "Writing that addresses the topic but may lose focus by including extraneous or loosely related ideas. The organizational pattern usually includes a beginning, middle, and ending, but these elements may be brief. The development of the support may be erratic and nonspecific, and ideas may be repeated. Word choice may be limited, predictable, or vague. Errors may occur in the basic conventions of sentence structure, mechanics, usage, and punctuation, but commonly used words are usually spelled correctly" (FDE, 1994, p.10).

The test scores showed that students at the district level as well as the target site provide little supporting details in their writing and do not develop their ideas well.

A poll (Appendix A, p.39) of the eighteen English teachers at this site who responded to the question "What problems are high school students having in writing?" produced responses such as:

--Students who are not college bound will not do much writing.

--Students don't say what they mean, their writing is vague.

--Students feel no need to rewrite their composition.

--Students do not elaborate.

--Students don't take their writing seriously.

--Students do not use enough supportive details, colorful words, or sentence variety.

--Students do not write for extended periods of time.

The target group was a class of ninth grade students whose writing skills matched the district result of the 10th grade writing assessment. This English class was made up of 30 students of mixed

abilities. The percentage of students by racial/ethnic group was: black female 13.3%, black male 23.3%, white female 23.3%, white male 33.3%, other female 6.7%. The students attended classes 180 days in the year taking seven classes on a rotating schedule. Students therefore attended six classes each day. The target class met four days a week.

At the beginning of the school year this researcher gave the target group a pre-test consisting of a 15-minute writing assignment. The researcher provided the class with a writing prompt. The students were read a story, then asked to write about any topic of which the story or parts of the story reminded them. They were also told that if the story did not generate any memories for them, they could write about anything that was on their minds at the moment. To evaluate this pre-test the researcher used the 6-point rubric scale (Appendix B, p.42) the district's writing assessment staff uses to measure student's writing. The results were as follows:

--Three percent of the papers scored 4;

--47% of the papers scored 3;

--27% of the papers scored 2, and

--23% of the papers scored 1.

The researcher observed that when these students were invited to write, they fidgeted, complained, and expressed dislike for writing. They were concerned with whether the writing had to be of a certain length, whether spelling counted, and whether the writing would be graded. A common complaint was that they didn't know what to write about. Though they were given 15 minutes to write, five minutes into the assignment many were exclaiming, "I'm finished!" Their writing

(Appendix C, p.45) contained few supporting ideas and lacked sufficient details or examples. Many contained errors in sentence structure, use of conventions, spelling, and word usage.

It is this researcher's contention that these evaluations, coupled with students' attitude towards writing, demonstrate that though these students have been exposed to English grammar and composition throughout their elementary and middle school years, a different approach to writing may be necessary to motivate them to become better writers. Traditional English education includes a series of drills and worksheets on grammar, vocabulary, and spelling, but little time writing. In a research study of randomly selected ninth and eleventh grade classes conducted by Arthur N. Applebee et al. (1981), it was found that 24% of the uses of writing in the classroom were "mechanical" (one-sentence short answers to study questions and fill-in the-blank). Writing of a paragraph length or longer occurred only three percent of the observed time.

Lucy Calkins (1986) indicated that when students are invited to write, the fact that they have their own stories to tell is often overlooked by the teacher, who assigns a topic of his/her choice. Students are then on their own, writing and revising their work. The finished compositions are later returned to the students with extensive red pen corrections, emphasizing their errors. Many young writers thus feel ashamed and humiliated by their writing. They cannot write without envisioning red marks "taunting them from the margin sidelines" (Calkins, 1986, p.106). The prime goal becomes avoiding error, and therefore, meaning is often sacrificed. Writing is an

intricate process that requires orchestration of many kinds of knowledge, all at the same time. Writing is recursive, involving the process of prewriting, writing, and rewriting" (FDE 1994, p.1). In our schools "we set up roadblocks to stifle the natural and enduring reasons for writing" (Calkins, 1986, p.4). This researcher believes that the best way to teach writing is to engage students in the writing process.

This practicum addresses the following problems observed in producing effective writing by the 9th grade students in the target group:

1. After having been engaged in writing for two to five minutes, most students in the target group stop writing, believing that their effort requires no further refinement.

2. Most students have a negative attitude towards writing, both as observed by the teacher and as demonstrated by the Student Attitudinal Writing Survey (Appendix D, p.50) obtained at the beginning of the school year. The result of this survey is illustrated in Table 1.

Table 1

Student Attitudinal Writing Survey

QUESTION #	% POSITIVE	% NEGATIVE	N/A
1	29	71	0
3	35	65	0
5	50	50	0
7	43	53	4
9	68	28	4
10	18	78	4

3. Most students use few supporting ideas, thus failing to express thoughts and images present in their minds as they write, as evidenced by their writing samples taken at beginning of the school year (Appendix C, p.45);

4. Most students are unskilled at revising their writing and will hand in their first attempt to write, considering it a finished composition. This observation was confirmed by other teachers surveyed (Appendix A, p.39).

The writer of this practicum is a 9th grade English teacher whose goal was to show that 50% of the target group would write for longer periods of time, develop a more positive attitude towards writing, demonstrate an increase in the use of supportive details and examples in their writing, and learn the skills to revise their writing.

Outcome Objectives

For this practicum the writer developed a writing workshop for the target group which provided students with the opportunity to write often about topics they liked. Students were also provided with a variety of strategies to use when revising their writing. The following were the proposed objectives:

1. After twelve weeks of implementation of this practicum, 50% of the targeted 9th grade students would write for at least fifteen to twenty minutes at a time when given a writing prompt, as observed by teacher, with the use of a timer.

2. After twelve weeks of implementation of this practicum, the targeted 9th grade students would gain a more positive attitude towards writing. This would be demonstrated by an increase of 50% in the number students who give a positive answer to questions in the writing survey, (Appendix D, p.50) as evidenced by a comparison of survey results gathered at the beginning and at the end of the practicum implementation period.

3. After twelve weeks of implementation of this practicum, 50% of the targeted 9th grade students would move two or three notches on a scale from "general to specific" (Appendix F, p.55) generated for comparison of students' writing pretest taken at beginning of the school year (Appendix C, p.45), and a post-test taken at the end of the 12 week implementation period. The post-test would demonstrate an increase in the use of supporting ideas using details, examples, and vivid language.

4. After 12 weeks of implementation of this practicum, 50% of the targeted 9th grade students would revise their own writing, as indicated by multiple drafts which would be handed to this researcher along with the final written piece.

CHAPTER II

Research and Solution Strategy

Research

A recent state writing test designed to measure a student's "ability to write an organized narrative expository or persuasive essay in English," (Kelly, 1993, p.9) prompted a newspaper article which stated that students, in the target district, "lacked the ability to express themselves." The test was unlike the usual standardized tests which require students to fill the bubbles on multiple-choice answer sheets. This test required students to think and express themselves (Kelly, 1993, p.9). Though the results of this new test were not yet used to determine students' promotion to the next grade they certainly demonstrated the need to change how students are taught.

Problems in the way students are taught to write have been illustrated in a variety of research studies. Prompted in part by public concern about the state of the nation's literacy, and in part by the College Entrance Examination Board's restoration of a writing sample to its examinations, Arthur N. Applebee et al. (1981) conducted a research study to investigate the nature and frequency of writing tasks that secondary school students undertake. He observed ninth and eleventh grade students from two high schools. He found that 44% of the observed lesson time involved some kind of writing activities. Of the writing activities observed, mechanical (short answer and fill-in-the-blank tasks) and informational (note taking) uses of writing occurred

24% and 20% of the time respectively. On average, only three percent of lesson time was devoted to longer writing that required the student to produce at least one paragraph of coherent text. The writing was often used as a vehicle to test knowledge of specific content, with the teacher functioning primarily in the role of examiner. Personal and creative uses of writing had little place in the high school curriculum. Fifty-two percent of the teachers participating in the research reported that the time students were given to complete a typical writing assignment was two days. Ninety-one percent reported that the typical assignment was due within a week or less.

The teacher in the role of examiner was the prime audience for student writing in all subject areas. Only 10% of the teachers reported that student writing was regularly read by other students. The most frequent response to student work was to mark errors in writing mechanics and grammar. This was done routinely by 71% of the teachers surveyed.

Applebee (1981) concluded that current teaching practices provide little opportunity for instruction that might help students develop specific writing skills. For students to learn to write well, he added, the most effective writing situation would be one in which the effectiveness of the writing matters--where the student can savor the success of having presented a convincing argument or struggle with problems of having failed to do so. His finding from the research is that in order to learn to write better, students should be asked to write more often. Much of the writing that students did was assigned in a test situation, rather than an instructional one. The writing practices

observed in his research did not reflect writing as a process with its distinct stages which include prewriting, writing, and editing (Emig, 1977, Graves, 1984).

In 1973 Donald Graves (1984) conducted a study of the writing processes of seven-year-old children, using two formal and two informal second grade classrooms in a middle class community. From this study Graves concluded that informal environments give greater choice to children. When children can write what they want, or when they want, they write more and in greater length than when specific writing assignments are given. An environment that requires large amounts of assigned writing inhibits the range, content, and amount of writing done by children.

In another study Donald Graves (1984) conducted in 1976, many sources were examined to find out about the communication habits of Americans as well as the communication patterns within classrooms. It was concluded that people want to write, but refrain from writing because they don't see themselves as writers, because they believe they have nothing to say that is of value or interest to others, or because they believe that writing is reserved only for the "professional." When they do write they see writing "as a form of etiquette in which care is taken to arrange words on paper to avoid error rather than to communicate with clarity and vigor" (p.63). This view, he added, was developed in school. In the traditional classroom, learners are viewed as receivers. Graves saw that students who write poorly can improve quickly with skilled, personal attention that concentrates on what they already know and would like to tell others. Rather than assigning often

unfamiliar topics and thereafter returning the written work to the writer with extensive corrections, teachers should work with the student through a series of drafts, giving guidance appropriate to the stage through which the writer is passing. "When students have sufficient time to consider and reconsider what they've written, they're more likely to achieve the clarity, logic, voice, and grace of good writing" (Atwell, 1987, p.55).

According to Hillocks' (1987) research, the composing process is a complex task which demands not only knowledge about the subject, but procedural knowledge enabling the manipulation of content, and knowledge of discourse structures, syntactic forms, and the convention of punctuation and usage. He found that traditional writing instruction results in student writers who believe that only one draft is necessary; thus their writing is usually superficial, poorly organized and poorly developed. A traditional method generally involves grammar book presentation, analysis of written pieces, teacher assigned topic etc. Students write a single draft, often just before it is due, having spent little or no time in a process of revision or rewriting.

For his research Hillocks divided his study into six methods of teaching writing: grammar, models, sentence combining, scales, inquiry, and freewriting. He found that grammar was the least productive method, having literally no effect in raising the quality of student writing. He found inquiry, however, to be the method of instruction with the greatest power. Curtis (1988) confirmed that teachers using the inquiry method present students with information and activities to help them write. The focus is on helping writers learn

strategies necessary to transform available data for use in writing. Hillocks further indicated that each of the six methods studied had some place in the writing curriculum when integrated and not when used exclusively. He suggested that young writers must learn that effective writing involves a complex process that includes prewriting, drafting, feedback for audiences, and revising.

Research shows that young adolescents are often ashamed and even humiliated by their writing. Were the writing class a safe and supportive environment, students would be willing to share and revise their work-in-progress with their peers (Vygotsky, 1986). In the process of sharing, not only can the student hear his/her work critically, but can also both give and receive advice, ask and answer questions, in effect assuming the role of both novice and expert (Warshauer, 1992, p.73).

For students to gain confidence in writing ability, more practice is needed. Romano holds that "The more practice students get with freewriting, the more confident their voices become. Confident voices begin producing good passages frequently" (1987, p.14). Long blocks of time should be dedicated to drafting, revising, and editing as well (Calkins, 1986).

This writer found, in consulting various writing experts, that there are variations in the steps for effective teaching of the writing process, and in fact the sequence of their usage. Tom Romano (p.59) considered one of the most useful models to be a five-step process: percolating, drafting, revising, editing, and publishing. However, he warned that the best writing processes are flexible and "organic" to

meet the students' and the teacher's needs. The process that works best in his classroom varies from what he called the most useful model. However, it remained a five-step process. 1) Predrafting--at this stage students are often assigned a topic: a childhood remembrance, a persuasive piece, etc. 2) Drafting--students produce a portion of writing from that which the class had been exploring through the predrafting stage. 3) Revising--students in small peer groups read their work aloud and help each other develop their writing. 4) Editing--students correct spelling, punctuation, grammar, and usage. 5) Publishing--at this point students' work is printed or photocopied for a classroom collection, the school newspaper, or a creative arts anthology. The publishing method most often used is an oral sharing of their work by the students.

Donald Graves (1983) described a four-step writing process: rehearsal, composing, composing pattern, and voice. He warned that he has used "words" to describe the process; however, when a person writes, so many components go into action simultaneously that words fail to portray the real picture, and the order is unpredictable (p.221).

According to Graves the writing process has many beginning points. He referred to his first step as unconscious *rehearsal.* "It is the preparation for composing and can take the form of daydreaming, sketching, doodling, making lists of words, outlining, reading, conversing, or even writing lines as a foil to further rehearsal" (p. 221). The second step, *composing,* is everything a writer does from the time first words are put on paper until all drafts are completed. The third step, *composing patterns,* involves writing, reading and

concentrating on the message the writing aims to deliver. Although he labeled a fourth-step,*voice*, this is not a really a step. He added that it is "the frame of the window" through which the information is seen; it is the driving force, and it underlies every part of the process (p.228).

Atwell (1987) divided the writing process into only three steps: 1) rehearsal--planning and predicting; 2) drafting--discovering meaning, and, 3) revising--re-seeing and re-seeking meaning.

Barry Lane (1993) found that the writing process theory evolves into a seven-step model: brainstorming, mapping, freewriting, drafting, revising, clarifying, and editing. He preferred, however, to look at his seven-step writing process as: revising, revising, revising, revising, revising, revising, and revising. He claimed that "even a first draft is a revision of all the words I have yet to write." "Each word I write revises a hundred others I could have written" (p.3). Revising is perhaps one of the steps in the writing process students are most reluctant to do. In part it is due to procrastination- writing a one draft paper at the last minute before it is due, and in part because students don't know how to revise. Often teachers instruct students to "revise," but unless the teachers provide students with tools for revision these students would simply copy the existing composition "neatly" on a new piece of paper.

Solution Strategies

From the literature cited, this researcher concludes the following:

1. For students to have a positive attitude toward writing, the classroom teacher must provide them with an environment where they

write often and are allowed to choose the topics about which they will write (Calkins, 1986, Graves, 1984).

2. Students should have ample opportunity to engage in large and small group activities to explore ways to manipulate their writing and use effective details (Atwell, 1987, Calkins, 1986).

3. Students should be taught how to revise their composition so that they can improve on what they have already written. The revision process can be demonstrated by the teacher's revising her own work in class as an example. Students can be provided with steps or questions (Lane, 1993) to use when revising their composition in group situations and ultimately on their own.

Students can learn that in fact "Good writers and writing don't take less time; they take more" (Atwell, 1987, p.56.). Students should be encouraged to share their writing through reading it to others, displaying it in the classroom, and submitting it for publication (Graves,1991, Atwell 1987, Calkins 1986, Rief, 1992). Thus, students will see a purpose for writing that is other than simply submitting written work to the teacher for a grade. The role of the teacher should be that of a listener and a coach.

Because traditional teaching methods have done little to instill in students a positive attitude towards writing, and students today have difficulty expressing themselves through writing, as evidenced by the cited writing assessment scores, this practitioner implemented the following strategies and activities. Students would:

1. write often and for increasing periods of time about what they know and like;

2. take their writing through a process that includes drafting, revising, and editing;
3. participate in small and whole group situations to assist peers and obtain peer assistance;
4. conference with the teacher to discuss their written work in progress and receive positive feedback and direction for further development; and
5. read their finished composition to the class, display it in the classroom, and submit to publications both in and outside of school.

CHAPTER III

Method

During the twelve weeks of implementation of this practicum the 28 target group students were referred to as "writers" and were exposed to advice from more experienced writers through quotes (Appendix J, p.66), articles, etc. Students became familiar with various publications including the school's literary magazine, Merlin Pen Senior, and Writer's Digest. Selected articles from these publications were read and the magazines were available in class for students' perusal. These students maintained a writing portfolio containing all their drafts and final compositions. At the first draft, students were asked to write for three minutes. With each subsequent draft, the writing time was increased, leading to one fifteen or twenty minute writing time goal as discussed in the "Outcome Objectives" section of this practicum. The students shared their writing with others in both large and small group situations.

The classroom was decorated with messages about writing (Appendix J, p.66) on the chalkboard and walls. Areas throughout the room were designated and labeled as follows: a reading/conferencing area for students to sit with peers when sharing their writing; a publishing section with information on how to submit work, as well as writing contest information that became available. A materials area was set up where students could find writing paper, a hole puncher, stapler, etc., and a reference area housing dictionaries, thesauri, and grammar books. Posters were displayed showing the writing process so students would have a clear visual idea of the steps involved. A stool

painted with bright colors and displaying the word "author" on the back rest was on display for students (and teacher) to sit when reading compositions aloud.

To expose students to the written word and its creative form, each day, at the start of class, students were invited to choose a poem to read aloud. A variety of poetry books were available by authors like S. Silverstein, N. S. Nye, M. O'Neil and others (see Resources, p.37).

During the drafting stage students were then invited to write after receiving a prompt. To reduce their anxiety about having something to write related to the prompt, they were told that if the prompt did not generate any ideas for them they could write about anything present in their minds or any other topic of their choice. The emphasis was on the writing itself, not the prompt.

When a story was used as a writing prompt students were given a keepsake related to the story so that their experience with writing became a pleasant, tactile association.

Writing along with the students, this researcher shared with the class her own fears and difficulties in writing. It is important that students see the teacher as a writer who teaches writing (Atwell, 1987, Calkins, 1986, Graves, 1991, Romano, 1987). The researcher served as a coach, nudging students, raising their awareness of potential writing topics, listening to their ideas, and making suggestions, always reminding them that they were the authors, and that they had the final say in their writing. The purpose was to create an atmosphere of trust where students would feel comfortable about asking for help from

peers, as well as from the instructor and likewise feel comfortable about sharing and showing their writing in progress.

At the end of each writing, the students were invited to share their writing with the class. Though sharing was not a requirement, many students shared voluntarily. Likewise, the teacher contributed her own writing to the class sharing. All drafts were listed in the student's writing log (Appendix E, p.53) and kept in the writing folder.

Weeks One - Three-- Students were introduced to writing as a process, beginning with a discussion of their previous writing experience and preferences to obtain an overall idea of their attitude towards writing. Students prepared their writing folders. Use of the writing folders was discussed. Before they began writing, they were reminded that the writing exercises were for the purpose of becoming comfortable with writing as well as building/brainstorming topics about which they would write. It was explained that the purpose was for them to write freely and not be concerned with grammatical or spelling errors.

To help students feel comfortable writing about what they already know, the teacher provided students with short writing activities.

For their first writing activity students were instructed to write for three minutes about anything that was on their minds at the moment. To reassure those who usually complain that they have nothing to write about, they were told that if nothing came to mind to simply write "I have nothing to write about" nonstop until their brains got bored and gave them something more interesting to write. This

three minute writing was repeated three times during the class period. At the end of the writing time students were invited to share one of the 3-minute writings with the class. The instructor also shared her writing. The draft was logged in the "Student's Writing Log (Appendix E, p.53) and placed in the writing folder.

For their second draft the author read Owen (Henkes, 1993), a story about a boy who could not part with his blanket. At the end of the reading students were asked to share any memories this story created for them, and this helped those who had not made a connection with the story to recall some of their own experiences. Each student was given a small piece of cloth as a keepsake representing Owen's blanket and were given five minutes to write. Very soon many students began to realize that five minutes was not enough time to write and asked for more time. Students and teacher shared, logged and placed drafts in the folders.

For the third draft students were given a sentence starter: "When I was little....." Now the class was given ten minutes to write. Students and teacher shared, logged, and added the drafts in the folders (Appendix H, p. 59).

For their fourth draft the author read Mirandy and Brother Wind (McKissack, 1988), a story about the "cakewalk," a dance rooted in Afro-American culture. Before writing, the students were given paper, pop sticks, and a push pin. While discussing what the story reminded them of, the students made a pinwheel to represent the wind described in the story. The students were given ten minutes to write. Students and teacher shared, logged, and added this draft in the folders.

For their fifth draft the students watched the film "Romeo and Juliet." After viewing the movie each student was assigned a letter of the alphabet. They were asked to write about or summarize any aspect of the story, beginning their writing with a word that begins with the letter of the alphabet they were assigned. Again, ten minutes were allowed for writing, after which the class shared, logged and placed the drafts in the folders.

For their sixth draft the teacher read Too Many Tamales (Soto, 1993), a story about a Mexican family celebrating Christmas. The students were given a piece of tamale to sample. The students were now given fifteen minutes to write, after which they shared, logged and placed the drafts in the folders.

For their seventh draft the students sat in groups of four. Each group was given a picture and caption from Chris Van Allsburg's (1984) The Mysteries of Harris Burdick. They were told the story behind the pictures and were instructed to write, for five minutes, a story to go with the picture they had. After writing for five minutes they were instructed to stop writing and hand their paper to the person on their right. They were asked to read their neighbor's paper, after which they were required to continue the story their peer had begun. After writing for another five minutes, this composition was handed to the next student on the right. This process continued until each composition made its way back to the original writer who was then instructed to finish the story in a final five minutes. This exercise lasted a total of twenty five minutes with several rest breaks. Few

students shared due to lack of time. The next day those who wanted to share their stories were given time to do so at the beginning of class.

Weeks Four and Five -- Using the literature book, students read short stories aloud. The teacher guided students to recognize how writers made their storytelling effective using details and imagery to make the story come alive before their eyes, or how a dialogue helped them "see" the character. The students engaged in additional writing activities after reading these short stories.

Weeks Six -Eight -- Students were asked to look through their drafts and choose one which they would spend the next five weeks rewriting and revising into a finished composition. Class time was allowed to refine these drafts into a completed story. Although they were scheduled to go to the computer writing lab to type their composition, the system was down for several weeks and could not be used for this writing assignment.

Revision strategies were now introduced to the class utilizing a series of lessons and group activities. In these lessons, use of specific details, use of dialogue, and "showing not telling" (Atwell, 1987, p. 135) were addressed. Other skills taught in the lessons were determined from what the teacher observed the students needed. The students collaborated in groups of four to share their writings and obtain feedback from peers. Before the students formed these groups they were instructed on group procedures, stressing, that there were to be no negative comments in the review of their peers' writings, only encouragement and praise. On a transparency (Appendix I, p.64) the teacher suggested appropriate phrases to be used in these group

situations. After revealing specific goals of the group activity, the procedure was demonstrated by a randomly selected group in which the teacher participated as a group member. The class was shown listening and positive feedback techniques. While students were engaged in this group activity, the teacher walked around the room, making sure that they stayed on task and followed directions.

For the next group activity the teacher read a passage from a story and asked students to raise questions about information not given about which they would like to know more, and these questions were written on the chalkboard. Sitting in groups of four, each student read while the other three jotted down questions. Each group shared the questions thus generated giving the reader ideas on which to elaborate with more details. At the end of this group activity each student revised his/her writing adding those details suggested by their group.

The teacher taught another lesson on the use of dialogue. The class was directed to examine the use and effectiveness of dialogue in their literature book, as well as the use of quotation marks in their grammar books, after which they revised their writing adding dialogue.

The teacher presented another lesson on the use of "snapshots," a revision technique developed to teach writers to describe physical details, and "thoughtshots," a look at what a character is thinking and feeling (Lane, 1993, p.31). Sitting in their groups each student read his/her writing aloud, after which an exchange of feedback on snapshots and thoughtshots took place, providing ideas on areas of improvement each writer could address. Following this group activity the students revised their writing adding snapshots and thoughtshots.

Another lesson was presented on the parts of the plot which students had already studied from their literature book. The class created a check list for the elements of plot which was then used to examine and further revise the writing in progress.

The teacher read to the class the first two or three sentences from a variety of novels and short stories found in the school's literary magazine, Merlin Pen Senior, and their literature book. The students were asked to respond to these introductory lines, choosing those interesting enough to entice continued reading. The groups were formed for sharing, in which the listeners would tell whether they would want to hear the rest of the story. Suggestions for improving the introduction were discussed.

In group activities the students continued to revise their writing. Some of the strategies noted in the literature book were used as group activities, and participants were encouraged to use these strategies in their own writing.

Weeks Nine and Ten -- The teacher sat with each student, individually, for a writing conference. During this conference each student had the opportunity to ask questions or express any concerns about the writing in progress. The teacher encouraged and praised students on positive aspects in their stories, while listening and helping them find solutions (Atwell, 1987, Calkins, 1986, Graves, 1991, Romano, 1987). While the teacher conferenced with individual students, the other students engaged in one-on-one conferences with peers, or quietly worked on their piece or read novels.

Week Eleven -- Students desiring additional conference time with the teacher were given time to do so. The teacher conducted an editing activity during which the class looked for specific skills discussed in lessons presented throughout the ten weeks of implementation. The students were asked to mark some of the commonly used grammatical errors on their draft, such as: the verbs "to be" which were replaced with active, lively verbs. The students provided example sentences with verbs "to be" and as a class, reworked them (Example: the sentence "Before I knew it, I was in the air." was changed to "Before I knew it, I flew in the air." or, "Before I knew it I floated into the air."). They were directed to mark the first word in each sentence, then note and change those words used repeatedly which made their writing monotonous. Homonyms used incorrectly were exposed, and appropriate corrections were made to their compositions.

At this point most students were working on their writing at home while class time was utilized to read from the literature book and conduct brief conferences.

Week Twelve-- To compare the length of time students engaged in sustained writing, as stated in objective one, the students were given a writing post-test. The teacher read If You Were a Writer (Nixon, 1988). After the reading each student received a bright colored piece of paper on which his/her name had been written (Appendix K, p. 68). They were asked to make up a story based on some facet of their lives. As an example, the instructor shared how she got the idea for a mystery story after noticing that one of the students occasionally came to class wearing shells braided to her hair. The students were given twenty

minutes to write. However, at the end of the twenty minutes many students continued writing. The students and teacher shared their writing, logged and placed them in the writing folders.

Before handing in their final writing the students and the teacher listed the skills that were learned during the writing process. From this list the students and teacher created a scoring sheet to be used to grade the compositions. The criteria on the student-generated analytic scale (Appendix L, p.70) reflected the revision strategies and lessons discussed throughout the revision process. Knowing what criteria would be used for grading their writing, students were able to go back to their pieces and edit them accordingly. The students knew what was expected of them. There were no surprises.

On the day the final pieces were due, the students participated in a final editing activity-exchanging papers with peers to look for specifics discussed during the lessons and listed in the analytic scale devised previously by the class. They also checked to make sure they had included all the drafts written during the writing process, format, etc. At the end of this activity the students were allowed time to make final, minor changes. A whole class sharing activity took place, after which students handed in their final composition along with the rough drafts. Looking at the series of rough drafts helped the teacher see how well each student had learned the writing process and to identify those students needing additional help. Any student exposed to the complete process who made little or no revisions between the rough-draft and the final piece would need closer coaching during subsequent writing activities.

The students completed the Student Attitudinal Writing post-test to assess any changes in attitude after participating in this experiment.

In a strategic location in the classroom students' final written work was displayed. Though students were encouraged to submit their work for publication within the school, none felt confident enough to take that step.

CHAPTER IV

Results

The evaluation methods used during this practicum were designed to show that students: 1) would feel increasingly comfortable writing, as their exposure to the writing process allowed them to tap their memory banks; 2) would be able to write for an assigned span of time while actually enjoying the writing exercise; and 3) would be able to apply skills taught in class to future writing tasks.

Objective One

After twelve weeks of implementation of this practicum, 50% of the targeted 9th grade students wrote for at least fifteen to twenty minutes when given a writing prompt.

After twelve weeks of implementation, students were given a writing prompt and wrote for twenty minutes. The teacher recorded the number of students who stopped writing before the end of the allotted time, and the number of students who continued writing after the end of the allotted time. Of the twenty five students present that day, 8% stopped writing five minutes short of the assigned time, 72% stopped when the timer went off, and 20% continued writing.

Objective Two

After twelve weeks of implementation of this practicum, the targeted 9th grade students were given the "Student Attitudinal Writing Survey" post-test in which was demonstrated a 50% increase in the number of students giving a positive answer to questions about writing

enjoyment. These results were compared with those gathered at the beginning of the practicum implementation period (Appendix D, p.50). The comparison shows a positive change in attitude, which this observer believes was due to the constant writing activities giving them confidence as writers. Most students after participating in this experiment had positive remarks about writing. One student commented, "I like it (writing), that's why I never throw any of it away." Another commented, "In the beginning of the year I would say 'Oh man, not again,' but now I enjoy it (writing). The way that we have learned has made it easier and fun to write." One student, after the first group activity, looked very sad. When approached about his mood he said, "I can't write!" On the survey administered after twelve weeks implementation he wrote, "Now, since I learn how to write better, I feel good when somebody tells me to write." He added, "I express myself better when I write about something." Many students discovered a new-found enjoyment when writing about a topic they like and know.

Table 1

Student Attitudinal Writing Survey Post-Test

QUESTION #	% POSITIVE	% NEGATIVE	N/A
1	59	37	4
3	70	30	0
5	85	11	4
7	59	41	0
9	85	4	11
10	81	15	4

Objective Three

After twelve weeks of implementation of this practicum, 50% of the targeted 9th grade students demonstrated an increase in the use of supporting ideas using details, examples, and vivid language.

The teacher analyzed students' writing samples collected at the end of the twelve week implementation period, (Appendix M, p.72) period and compared them with those collected at the beginning of the school year (Appendix C, p.45). This researcher compared the results, recorded on a scale from "general to specific" (Appendix F, p.55). The results showed that 80% of these students moved two to eight notches higher on the scale (Appendix G, p.57), thus showing a greater than satisfactory increase in the use of supporting ideas using details, examples, and vivid language.

Objective Four

After twelve weeks of implementation of this practicum, 50% of the targeted 9th grade students were skilled at revising their own writing as indicated by multiple drafts submitted along with the final composition.

The teacher collected all drafts produced during the writing process. These drafts reflected students' use of the revision strategies taught during the revision stage. Of the 30 students in the target group 17% of the students did not hand in the final piece and drafts. Fifty-three percent of the students handed in their final pieces along with their rough-drafts and two or more drafts with revisions. Thirty

percent of the students handed in their final pieces with just one rough-draft, which was used for all revisions. This researcher noted that the students who used several drafts had typed their drafts on computer, while the students who did not produce drafts had done all handwritten work. This researcher concludes that the availability of a computer could induce student writers to utilize more revisions, as they would not need to re-write the entire piece each time it is revised.

CHAPTER V

Recommendations

The practicum writer will share these findings with school administrators and peers.

The writer will meet with the school principal to discuss the results of the practicum and show him samples of students' writing. At the same time the writer will inform the principal of the intention to share this information with other instructors in the English Department. The principal will be invited to visit the classroom to observe and even participate in the writing process along with the students.

At a department meeting the practicum writer will present results of this practicum to the staff and invite them to visit the classroom. The writer will set up an appropriate date for a training session to share strategies with the teachers in the department.

During the course of this practicum this writer noticed that many students in the target group had varying difficulties with the use of grammar, punctuation, and word choice. Much of their spelling was phonetic. The students also had a tendency to write in one continuous paragraph rather than breaking it into several paragraphs. These problems can only be corrected with constant writing practice and instruction.

The practicum writer believes that "writing workshops" would be an effective forum for providing remedial instruction and plans future workshops to help her students improve their writing skills.

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APPENDICES

APPENDIX A

TEACHER SURVEY

Purpose: to obtain colleagues' observations on students' writing skills

APPENDIX A-1

TEACHER SURVEY

Dear Colleague,

I am beginning work on my practicum and I'm thinking about addressing the area of writing. I have my views on some of the problems our students have with writing. I feel they: do not enjoy writing, do not say what they mean, do not elaborate, etc. Finding out your views will be of great help to me. Will you take a few minutes of your time to give me some of your observations?

Thank you,

Rosilis Cuevas

. . . . . .

(your name, only if desired)

What problems are high school students having in writing effective compositions?

_____

_____

_____

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APPENDIX A-2

Result of teacher survey

OBJECTIVE	RESPONSE	% OF TEACHERS
#1	Students do not write for extended periods of time.	83%
#2	Students who are not college bound will not do much writing.	16%
	Students don't take their writing seriously.	78%
#3	Students don't say what they mean. Their writing is vague.	56%
	Students do not elaborate.	83%
	Students do not use enough supportive details, colorful words, or sentence variety.	28%
#4	Students feel no need to rewrite their composition.	67%

APPENDIX B

RUBRIC SCALE

Purpose: scale used by Florida Writes and by this researcher to evaluate students' writing

RUBRIC SCALE

SCORE POINTS IN RUBRIC	
	The rubric further interprets the four major areas of consideration into levels of achievement. The rubric used to score papers in spring 1994 is shown below.
6 Points	The writing is focused and purposeful, and it reflects insight into the writing situation. The organizational pattern provides for a logical progression of ideas. Effective use of transitional devices contributes to a sense of completeness. The support is substantial, specific, relevant, and concrete. The writer shows commitment to and involvement with the subject and may use creative writing strategies. The writing demonstrates a mature command of language with freshness of expression. Sentence structure is varied, and few, if any, convention errors occur in mechanics, usage, punctuation, and spelling.
5 Points	The writing is focused on the topic, and its organizational pattern provides for a logical progression of ideas. Effective use of transitional devices contributes to a sense of completeness. The support is consistently developed through ample use of specific details and examples. The writing demonstrates a mature command of language, and there is variation in sentence structure. The response generally follows the conventions of mechanics, usage, punctuation, and spelling.
4 Points	The writing is focused on the topic and includes few, if any, loosely related ideas. An organizational pattern is apparent, and it is strengthened by the use of transitional devices. The support is consistently developed, but it may lack specificity. Word choice is adequate, and variation in sentence structure is demonstrated. The response generally follows the conventions of mechanics, usage, punctuation, and spelling.
3 Points	The writing is focused but may contain ideas that are loosely connected to the topic. An organizational pattern is demonstrated, but the response may lack a logical progression of ideas. Development of support may be uneven. Word choice is adequate, and some variation in sentence structure is demonstrated. The response generally follows the conventions of mechanics, usage, punctuation, and spelling.
2 Points	The writing addresses the topic but may lose focus by including extraneous or loosely related ideas. The organizational pattern usually includes a beginning, middle, and ending, but these elements may be brief. The development of the support may be erratic and nonspecific, and ideas may be repeated. Word choice may be limited, predictable, or vague. Errors may occur in the basic

conventions of sentence structure, mechanics, usage, and punctuation, but commonly used words are usually spelled correctly.

1 Point

The writing addresses the topic but may lose focus by including extraneous or loosely related ideas. The response may have an organizational pattern, but it may lack a sense of completeness or closure. There is little, if any, development of the support, and the support may consist of generalizations or fragmentary lists. Limited or inappropriate word choice may obscure meaning. Frequent and blatant errors may occur in the basic conventions of sentence structure, mechanics, usage, and punctuation, and commonly used words may be misspelled.

Unscorable

The paper is unscorable because

- the response is not related to what the prompt requested the student to do.
- the response is simply a rewording of the prompt.
- the response is a copy of a published work.
- the student refused to write.
- the response is illegible.
- the response is incomprehensible (words are arranged in such a way that no meaning is conveyed).
- the response is written in a foreign language.
- the response contains an insufficient amount of writing to determine if the student was attempting to address the prompt.
- the writing folder is blank.

APPENDIX C

PRE-TEST
STUDENTS' WRITING SAMPLES

Purpose: to be obtained from students, prior to implementation, in order to assess students' writing skills

APPENDIX C

PRE-TEST STUDENTS' WRITING SAMPLES

Student a
My name was given to me by my father at birth. He gave it to me I guess because he wanted me to have his name

Student b
My name is James. Most people call me James but I would rather be called Jim. Now I accept the fact that people call me James. I dont mind it except for one thing it sounds to formal.

Student c
My name is a cool name. I like it alot. But even if I didn't like it I would have to accept it. I think its a long name. And I read in a book that the name Anthony means courage & determination. And that is just like me I never quit.

Student d
My Name is Paola well I didn't have problem with my name sow far. Well actually day use to make fun of my middle name becouse it was wared. But I didn't put any attention becous I like it, and I didn't care what people said, and then they stoped. And some times I also had problem with my last name, becouse they used to say what kined of reina are you, sow in the bigining I mined But not anymore.

Student e
My name I guess it's alright, I'm not really crazy about. Well I always wanted to be named Nicole, I guess because most of my friends have names that you can call them, like if your name was Jennifer, people can call you Jenny, or Jen, see my you can't do that and Nikki is short for Nicole. But I guess I have to stick with it. My mom name me Heather cause she thought it was pretty, I my name is pretty I guess.

Student f
My name is Nisreen. Students from all grade level make fun of it. But it really does not bother me. I think I have a unique and diffrent name. I like it. very few people have my name.
My aunt passed away a few years before I was born. She had 5 boys and she's always wanted a girl to name her Nisreen she never got one. So my parent name there first girl (me) Nisreen. I sort of feel special when my family tells me that.

Student g
I have the most fun in my bedroom, because I get to do what I want without anybody knowing my business. I have my own line, phone, T.V., and VCR. As you can see I got it made. My room to me is like my home. I never come out on less I want which I hardly ever do. My house is fun to be in. Why? Don't know. I do all kinds of things in there. When I want and how I want. That's my room for me.

Student h
My name is sara. I like my name. Alot of people put an "H" on the end of my name, but that's okay. I like the way mine is spelled sometimes when I was little in elementary school one or two poeple would saw Waldo books. But I just said, "real funny." I didn't care. But my name has been pretty cool all my life. There's not too many Sara's that people get confused who's who & there isn't no Sara's, so it's cool. I don't know why my parents named me that, except for that they liked it & thought it was a good name. I accept the name to be called by.

Student i

My name, Brett,has always been a good name for me. My parents always liked the name and decided if they had a boy his name would be Brett. I could not think of having another name. I accept my name as it is and would not change.

Unlke the girl (rat) in the story I was never made fun of about my name. Except for the occasional person accidetally calling me Brat. I never let that bother me.

One thing about my name is that it has no history to it. No one was ever named Brett in my family. I like that because I can be the first ath the best.

Student j

My grandfather was a very lovig man to me. He and my grandfather got along better than anyone in the family. He died four years ago, but I still think about him every day. He and my grandfather used to ride our bikes in Jamaica for hours without stopping. One day my mom told me we were going to Jamaica to visit, but she canceled the trip. The day we were to arrive is the same day my grandfather died. So when it first happened at the time I was about 11 yrs. old so I thought it was my fault that he died, but my mom explained to me that death isn't anyones fault it's a way of life. I was kind of confused at the time, but I figured it out. I'm still very upset that I've lost my grandfather. I'm really upset at the an who killed him because he got away with it, but its been four years and I've learned that he's still with me at heart.

Student k

My name is something that I am not always happy about. There is nothing wierd about the name Jaime except for maybe the way I spell it. The main thing I don't like about my name is that everyone has it. Jaime is a very popular name & it's very confusing, because when I am in a public place & someone calls Jaime I am not the only one to turn around.

Also, a lot of my friend's names are Jaime including two of my best friends. So that makes things very cofusing.

Overall I guess my name's not to bad because no one ever makes fun of me.

Student l

One day when my parents went to church one night my grandfather was watching us. (me, my brother & my cousin) we were being so bad & playing tricks on him & so me & my brother ran & my grandfather caught my cousins & told my auntie and I remember this day in particular because my grandfather is dead & this time is one of the memories I can recall.

Student m

I like my first name but I hated my middle name until about a year ago. Everytime my friends would ask me my middle name I would not tell them. First of all my middle name is Cheyenne thought is was such a bad name cause it was so different from everyone else's. But now I like it and I think it's a pretty name that's the only person that called me Cheyenne is my boyfriend Juan Carlos. So finally I decided that my first name is pretty too. I don't want my first name to be Cheyenne anymore. But that is what I plan to name my kid if I ever have a girl when I get older.

Student n

My name is Stacey. I was called when I was born that was what I was called. I love my name. I think it is beautiful except when I was younger I didn't like it. I wanted to be called Vanessa or even my middle name Heather but now I think my name is mature and grown up. When my friends call my name it sounds so pretty. I accept my name, and now I think about it and say why would I ever wanna change my name.

Student o
I got my firt name from my mom because I am Jewish. My dad's last name is Wilson. He owns Wilson sports inc. I do not live with my real parents. Now I live with my grandparents. My real parents live in New York City. Except I mis my real parents . They going to sent me up there to visit.

Student p
The name Joshua has many different meanings. Joshua is an ancient name from the bible. He was a fierce warrior and a noble man. My name means alot to me. I feel I am or soon to be a warrior in ways. Strong, powerful, nice, and more. This name goes good with the kind of person I am inside and outside.

Student q
Way back when, my mon and I weren't on the best of terms. She had an idea, but needed help. The idea was to make my step-dad a cake. As the day went on I agreed to help her, and keep it a suprise. While we were baking we sort of bonded, and became friends again. We left the cake on the counter and went for a celebrate lunch for us. We finished the cake. Anyways when we got back the cake was all over the grond, and licky my dog was not to be found. When we found her she had icing all over her face. Well at least we became closer.

Student r
Every since kindergarden kids called me Michael Pepperoni. I think the reason was, they couldn't say my name.

Student s
During this summer I went to New York for vacation. I had lots of fun in New York. I bought alot of clothes for school and also saw my relatives. The plane ride to New York was very long and boring. The foold on the plane was very bad. The plane had alot of jumping around in the air. This year I had to choose what school I wanted to go to but I couldn't decide. So my mom filed out and application and I got accepted

Student t
The thing that sticks in my mind the most about grandparents is when I stayed over there house for 2 week too help them with yard work. When I was there they were giving me advise about school life, and what not to do with troubles that came my way. In those 2 weeks I learned a lot about all the opportunities I have to make something of my life. I noticed how my grandparent really cared about my future, that I haven't really thought about. The one best advice that I thought my grandfather gave me was, "if you get in trouble don't get caught."

Student u
On August 11, 12-25 of 1993 i was told to remove myself from the house because I was playing my music very loud an the coconut creek police department came to my house and gave me a ticket for noise pollution of $300 and my parents had to pay for it well thats all.

Student v
I really like my name. I have no idea where my parents got my name from, I guess they just liked it. When I was in 6th grade my best friend started callig me air head but I knew she was just kidding. But ever since that is wht they have called me.

Student w
I got my name from my Grand-Aunt. My mother told me that when she was pregnant, her mother's sister wanted me to be named Teresa because she was pregnant once & she was gonna

name her daughter that but she had a miscarriage. I feel good about my name & have accpted it. I never was picked on because I have a regular name.

Student x
There was a time long ago when I was littler when I was in New York. When I went to macy's and got lost my parents spent hours trying to look for me and couldn't find me. I was scared at first but after a while I got over my fear. So I left the store then I got scared again bacau

Student y
To day was a very wiered day for me. I've been to sis different classes and is having to put up with not knowning the time or anything. I went to have lunch to day with a friend and it was o.k. expect for the food. We had pizzia and it was nasty the cheeze slide off and the sauce was to spice. But it was o.k. because I got it free. I dont know what to write when is it time to go I not good and writing I stink writing.

Student z
One time I was in my kitchen and we (me & mom & dad) got in an argument over a party I had gone to that my friend Bob had that was at this guy, who went out of towns, house. and the house was trashed but I was only there for a few minutes and then I left but my name was left on the police list so my dad was yelling at me. and he was mad because muy friend told on me but he had to tell because the police wanted to know who was there so they could try to recover it. but he had been my best friend for so long so he knew I didn't anything but know myname is down on a list.

Student aa
Nothing doesn't happen in my house because I live with old people.

Student bb
I don't remember how my grandparents met, but I know my parents were introduced by a good friend of theirs. They were at a party & started talking & they have been together since then. They were dating for two years before they got married. Now they're divorced & have been divorced for almost three years. My dad lives in new york & I live here with my mom. I visit my dad in new york every summer & every other christmas. It was hard at first because I missed my dad, but now I'm used to it. It's better this way because now it's quiet in the house. Before my parents would be screaming every second of the day. Now it's better with just me & my mom.

Student cc
I want to honor my grandparent but, I can't think of any thing to do for them. I already though of asking my family for help they like it. It a good idea all ready we made up a date for the program to honor them for they good work. I don't know right now because my grandmother is sick I'am praying for her to get well so I can honor the good things she as don. My family and I want to sprise them they would be happy to see they children honoring them like that they would probbally cry out to us we would be happy.

Student dd
Inline skating is a very expensive sport. For one, the skates themselves are very expensive. For a good pair of skates is costs about 100 dollars. my pair of Bauer cost 150 dollars. Even after you spend the money to buy them it costs alot to keep them up. after a while your wheels will wear down and will be unusable. Then you have to buy new ones Wheels are very expensive. they cost about 7.00 dollars each wheel. and yet this still isn't the end of it. You also have to buy new bearings after a while. There are sixteen bearings in all. Two for each wheel. The bearings I use are Aber III bearings. The cost 300 dolars each thas why inline skating costs alot of money to do.

APPENDIX D
STUDENT ATTITUDINAL WRITING SURVEY

Purpose: to assess students' attitude towards writing
before and after 12- week implementation period

APPENDIX D

WRITING SURVEY

Your Name_____ Date _____

The purpose of this questionnaire is to find out how you feel about writing. There are no right or wrong answers. How you answer the questions will in no way affect your grade. Please answer as candidly as possible.

1. How do you feel when you are asked to write?

_____

_____

_____

2. Why do you feel that way?

_____

_____

_____

3. Do you enjoy writing?

_____

_____

_____

4. Why do you feel that way?

_____

_____

_____

5. Is it easy for you to write?

_____

_____

_____

6. Why/ why not?

_____

_____

_____

7. Do you write often?

_____

_____

_____

8. When you write, what kind of things do write (i. e., letters, lists, messages, notes to friends, teacher assigned compositions)?

_____

_____

_____

9. In general, how do you feel about what you write?

_____

_____

_____

10. Do you share your writing with others?

_____

_____

APPENDIX E

STUDENT WRITING LOG

Purpose: for students to maintain a record of their written pieces

APPENDIX E

STUDENT WRITING LOG

Writing Log

STUDENT COMPOSITION RECORD SHEET

NAME_____

To the student: This sheet should be attached to the inside cover of your writing folder. Each time you write, fill in the date and a brief description of the writing assignment. Then place your writing sample in your folder.

NO.	DESCRIPTION OF WRITTEN PIECE	DATE

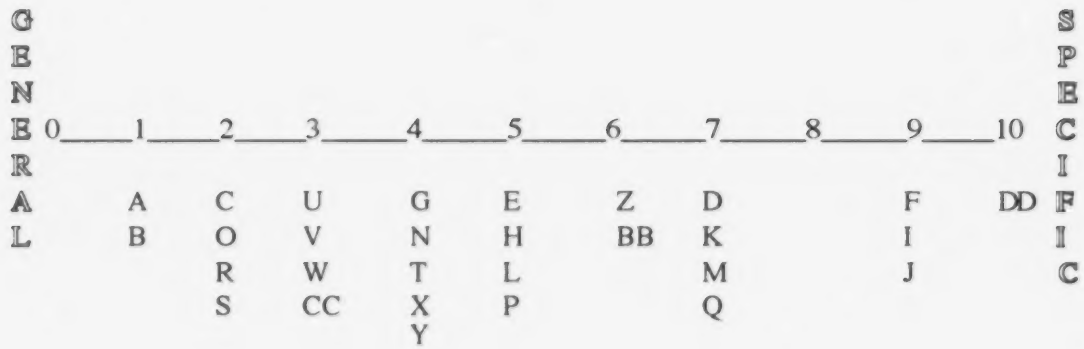
APPENDIX F

DETAILS, EXAMPLES, AND VIVID LANGUAGE SCALE

APPENDIX F

DETAILS, EXAMPLES,
AND VIVID LANGUAGE SCALE

BEGINNING OF 12-WEEK IMPLEMENTATION PERIOD



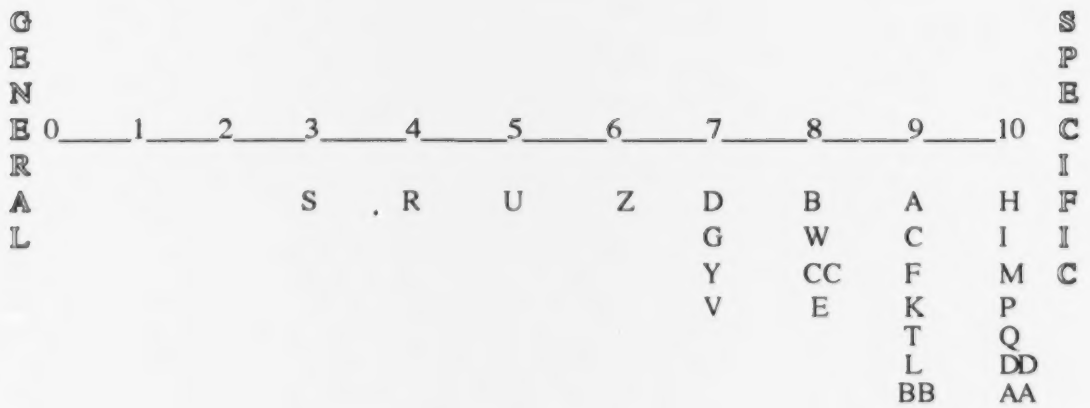
*No writing sample for student *aa*

APPENDIX G

DETAIL, EXAMPLES,
AND VIVID LANGUAGE SCALE
END OF 12-WEEK IMPLEMENTATION PERIOD

APPENDIX G

DETAIL, EXAMPLES,
AND VIVID LANGUAGE SCALE
END OF 12-WEEK IMPLEMENTATION PERIOD



*No writing sample for students *j, n, o,* and *x*

APPENDIX H

ROUGH DRAFTS

Purpose: to show students' writing at the start of practicum implementation

APPENDIX H

10 minute Prewriting -When I was little.....

Student a

When I was little people all ways were around me my hous was alot like a hotel my uncle my cusing my aunt brothers my sisters my mom my dad were all way around me one would leave andother would po up like they were taking turns. I think, no I know it's because I was a bad little boy thats what my grandma called me. I am thinking know to my self I wasn't bad I was curias when I would see something work I had to know how. How could a man talk and sit in a box I'd think to my self when I saw a glass sparkle in the sun I'd brake it and

Student b

Whe I was little I used to put up with my parents' garbage. Now if they piss me off I tell them to go to hell and make them shut up. When I was little I had to deal with older people telling me what to do. Now if they order me around I beat them up...

Student c

When I was little I like playing baseball alot. Even though I really didn't know the meaning of it, I still liked it. For some reason I didn't into toys that much. But I always had my baseball bat. Baseball wasn't the only thing I liked, I loved to eat. Every time we eat I was so happy. Then after I ate, I played baseball.

Student d

When I was little... I used to crye alot becouse my dogy daied but after I got over it. Know than I'm older I remember all the good things that I did with my dog. Also I miss him alot becouse he was my only truth friend then. But still I think that a animal that can't talk like a dog is the only truth frained becouse you can tell him the laget sicreat and he woun't tell.
I wish that I could bring my dog back to life becouse there is sow many sicreates I have that I could tell him. By the way his name was phiphi and I alwaisted loved him and even though he is gone I sitll love him and remember him as a spen much of my time at mygrandmothers.

Student e

When I was littlte I loved the water. My mom took me in the pool when I was a baby and since then I love to swim. my old best friends Kristy & Andrea we always went swimming either in my pool or Kristy's pool. I was going through some old pictures last night and I found a picture of me & Kristy in our swim suits getting ready for the beach. I had a little dog, & he always went in the pool with me. My parties were always swimming parties.

Student f

When I was little I use to be so good at school and with behavior. But I don't know what happen. I was so good, my teachers would talk about me all the time. I use to get a lot of awards. I use to be citizen of the month all the time. I was great till around 7th grade. I guess it was just the people I hung around with. My grades started slippping, my behavior was getting worst and worst. I know now you might be thinking "gosh, how bad was she." I was horabal in 7th + 8th grade. I drove my teachers crazy. But now I'm tring to behave. But its hard to change over night. So gie me time. The pointis that when I was little I was good.

Student g

When I was little everybody thought I was the most beautiful thing in the world. People always wanted to kiss me up, touch me, and pick me up. I was the most beautiful thing in the world. My mom always spoiled me when I was little and she still spoils me now. my grandmother was use to take care of me when my mom was always working. As I grow older, I became more

prettier than I was when I was little. People use to ask me if I was japanese, because I had those kind of eyes, which they say I still have them. When I turned 5 years old my had me trained to be a cheerleader.

Student h

When I was little I was very shy. I only talked when I was home. Then I never stopped talking at home. But in school, I was known to be shy. At home sometimes I did bad things. Like when I was 4, I got up next to the sink in the bathroom took some scissors, and started cutting my hair. I let all the hair fall down into the sink. When I wss 3 I almost killed my little sister when she was sleeping in her crib, I starting stacking pillows on top of her head. My mom saw as soon as I did this & knocked them off. I was jealous, I guess I don't know what made me do these things. I guess it was just because I was a kid, and kids do crazy stuff. When I was 3 my younger sister was just born and I loved her to death. I would pick her up and carry her around the house I thought she was so cute. It scared by mother to death. But as she gets older I don't find her so cute. We always fight now.

Student i

When I was little I experienced may thngs. I have, for the most part, very fond memories of my first years on this earth. I can remember very small details about some events and for others, I don't remember a thing.

For example, I can clearly and vividly remember the swimming lessons I was forced to take as a child I recollect everything from how cold the water was to what color bathing suit my mother made me wear.

Student j

When I was little I used to sit ad watch scary movies at night with my mother I used to have very bad nightmares and always ran to my mother crying, "can I sleep in your room tonight." I used to thingk people really turned into rarewolves and monsters so at night after watching a scary movie I would get a funny feeling in my stomach and start to think I was going to turn into a monster. I also used to dress up in my moms shoes and clothes when she left for work., When I was little and I first came to America, when my mom would ask.

Student k

When I was little my sister and I got along. She is 3-years older then my & now we don't really get along that great.

She used to follow me around, pick me up, hug me, & just always want to be w/me. I don't remember this that well but my parents tell me about it, and if you think about it its really sad that we don't get along because if we did, I'm sure we'd be best friends, because I know we have a lot in common & we'd probably have a lot to talk about together.

I have pictures of when we were little, and we used to wear matching outfits, and wear our hair the same, & do all the thigs tille sisters did. Its a shame to think that we couldn't

Student l

When I was little I used to get alot of attention because I was gifted. I went to private shcool and I learned alot of new things so when I came to public school I was put up a grade. My parents were always giving me more attenion than any other one of my brothers and sistersl When I went to public school I was always in spelling bees and academic contests. By me being so outgoing by the time I got to middle school I didn't want to be in anything.

Student m

When I was little I leved in New York. I was an only child at that time and I was very spoiled. I always got what I wanted and everything was done my way. my grandmother took me shopping and to the park all the time. I can remember one time when I was three of four my dad bought me

a doughnut on the way home from work. He told me not to eat til' after dinner, but I didn't want to wait til' after dinner. So I went up to my room and ate it under my bed.

Student n
When I was little I got anything I wanted. I loved when my birthday came. I had misolaneous thngs. I used to get a gift from my grandmother every time I saw her.

Student o

Student p

Student q
When I was little I lived in a big house in Sunrise I had 2 dogs, Butterscotch & Twinke. My parents were married then, but my mom was in law school. I did stuff with momy every weekend, though, I had parties, not just birthday, but also pizza, pool and end of the year. My dad always took me to places like McSugar's and the Roller Rink.

I remember we had a variety of veichles. A different I each week it seemed. We had a motorhome that we used only once, & that was go to the local Wendy's. We also had a motorcycle with a side Kart that we used 1 to go to a friends house

Student r

When I was little I dislocated both of my shoulders at the same time. The way it happen was that I fell out my bed and when hit floor they just pop out.

I was also little when I cut my leg open. I remember seeing the bone of my leg. Just two years ago I broke my writs.

Ever since then my uncle called me "Ken doll." I guess it means I came apart easy.

Student s

Student t
When I was little I had G.I. Joes but noe any more, I guest I grew out of them or something, bcause one day I took my box of G.I. Goes and thrw them i the lake behind my house. I don't know why I did it I think because I though it was babyish to pretent tohave wars with palstic emn, don't get me wrong I love to do it. But I guest it was when my father left and I had to take care of my mom, my uncle said that I was the man of the house. So thats how I said I ws to grow up, to throw away my G.I.Joes.

Student u
When I was little I was a pretty smart kid who knew everything. I was also a talented basketball player who could do it all. I was into cartoons and videogames and playing basketball I played a little bit of soccer when I was also little and fought with my brother alot. I won more than half.

Student v
When I was little I had a lot of fun. My family lived in St. Augustine. My best friend, Brooke, who is still my best friend lived two houses down from me. She is the sweetest person in the whole world! My mom and dad both worked a lot so Brooke and I use to stay with my grandparents. Somehow my grandparents gave me the nickname "sport." Brooke kind of caught on to it, and to this day my grandparents, my parents, and Brooke call me that. It isn't a bad name, actually I kind of like it.

Student w
When I was little, I remember swinging in my backyard. Anytime I was bored, I used to go back there & play. I also remember playing school basketball. The way you play it is: you start up close tothe basket that was shorter than you. That's first grade. If you make that shot, you move back 2 steps & you raise the basket. You keep shootig until you graduate. I remember playing hide & seek one time.

Student x

Student y
When I was little I remember falling constantly on my face and my uncles hitting and fighting with me when we played. I remember my uncles holding me by my legs upside down and swinging me around and around and pat me down and watch me become dizzy and tall down or bumped into things. I remember running in the beaches with my old friend with my mothers cutless and choping the bush. I remember when I got in a fight and had to get stiecthes in my left eye and went and had the stiches break from me fighting again. I remember when I was high on a cloud floating on a river of pink lemonade.

Student z

Student aa
When I was little I was still very inteligent. I played with more sophisticated toys. I started playing nintendo at the tender age of 6 yrs. old. While other children played with G.I.Joes or barbies I had my eyes in a computer. I alswys loved computers. I think it is because I am growing up in the computer age. When anything in my family goes wrong dealing w/ technology. I am usually the one to fix it. Don't get me wrong I play with action figures like any other boy, but they didn't turn me on like computers.

Student bb
When I was little... I was very spoiled. Probably because my parents had money and I was their first child, but mainly because I was so cute. I was also smart. I knew exactly how to get my way, I still do. When I would ask for something and got a no for an answer I would beg, and cry, and whine until I got it. I was also a model when I was little. I remember trying out for commercials and to be in magazines. I remember my birthday parties. One year I had a puppet show. Another year I had a pony ride. I guess you could say I was a little, spoiled, but a cute, BRAT!

Student cc
When I was little I tried to flusion my little brother down the tolet I was a very greeded boy. When my pick me up ro the nursey and when I got home as soon as my open the door I would run to the refrigrater and get my baby bottle. Every single day I would do that. When I was little I would go to the bahamass every summer to spend time with my uncles and aunt.

Student dd
When I was little I emember going to the horse hole. The horsehole is in Lousiana. The horsehole was a place in a forest aout 5 clicks from the closest town or house. In this place was a beautiful waterfall and laggoon. The water fell off the cliffs like a bedsheet blowing in the wind. It was totally surounded by a deep forest. We, my friends and I, were the only ones who knew about it. This is one place I remember.

APPENDIX I

GROUP RESPONSE TO WRITING

Purpose: to show students proper phrases to be used
when giving feedback to peers

APPENDIX I
GROUP RESPONSE TO WRITING
(Source unknown)

Responding to Writing

Ask questions like these when the parts of the writing don't make sense to you...

I was confused by...
What did you mean by...
I didn't understand...
I'd like to know more about...

If the beginning is unclear or uninteresting, try...

Have you tried any other way to begin your story...
I really liked your story where...
Where do you think your story "takes off?"
Where do you think your story really begins?

Try these questions when there are parts that need to be explained or made more clear.

I wonder why you said this word so often...
Are there any other words you could use or add?

If you think the writer isn't finished...
What part do you plan to do next?
What do you plan to do next?
I want to know more!

Great! When you want to praise, encourage and compliment the writer...

I liked the part where...
I liked the way you said...
I felt _____ when I heard this...
My favorite part was...
This information is important...

BEST COPY AVAILABLE

APPENDIX J

LIST OF QUOTES

Purpose: displayed in classroom to expose students to advice from professional writers

APPENDIX J
LIST OF QUOTES

PREWRITING STAGE

Writing is kind of photography with words. We take mental pictures of scenes when we're out walking but don't really know what we have seen until we develop the words on the page through writing. *Donald H. Graves*

Writing contributes to intelligence. *Donald H.Graves*

Good writers and writing don't take less time, they take more. *Nancie Atwell*

Writing allows us to turn the chaos into something beautiful, to frame selected moments in our lives, to uncover and to celebrate the organizing patterns of our existence. *Lucy Calkins*

When I began to write, I found this was the best way to make sense out of my life. *John Cheever*

Writing separates our ideas from ourselves in a way that is easiest for us to examine, explore and develop them. *Frank Smith*

As human beings we need to write because writing allows us to understand our lives. *Lucy Calkins*

If you want to write something really good, you must risk writing a great deal that is really bad. *Lucy Calkins*

Writing gives me awareness and control of my thoughts, it allows me to hold onto ideas long enough to scrutinize them, to think about my thinking. *Lucy Calkins*

REVISION STAGE

I asked Rebecca, a second-grade child, "What does a good writer need to do well in order to write well?" Rebecca replied, "Details. You have to have details. For example, if I walked down the street in the rain, I wouldn't say, 'I walked down the street and it was raining.' I would say, 'As I walked down the street in the rain, I sloshed through the puddles and the mud splattered to make black polka dots on my white socks.'" *Donald H. Graves*

Rewriting is the essence of writing. *William Zinsser*

E.B. White and James Thurber rewrote their pieces eight or nine times.

Re-writing helps you say what you mean. As you re-write, and *only* as you re-write, do you begin to become a writer." *Donald Murray*

James Thurber's The Train on Track Six was rewritten 15 times.

William Faulkner admits that he wrote The Sound and the Fury five separate times.

Dialogue, as much as anything else, reveals the character to the writer and ultimately to the reader. I don't have a very clear idea of who the characters are until they start talking. *Joan Didion*

FINAL STAGE

I think I did pretty well considering I started out with a bunch of blank paper. *Steve Martin*

APPENDIX K

PERSONALIZED PAPER

Purpose: for students to write the writing post-test.
Given to students after writing prompt.

A story by Roger.....

I think you *are* a writer!

APPENDIX L

STUDENT CREATED
ANALYTIC SCALE

Purpose: to evaluate students' final composition

Analytic Scale-Reflexive Paper

1- Poor 2- Weak 3- Below Average 4- Good 5- Excellent

Section 1					
Introduction (hooks the reader)	1	2	3	4	5
Writing fulfills purpose (Narrative/story)	1	2	3	4	5
Plot (exposition, complication, climax, resolution)	1	2	3	4	5
Point of view is clear	1	2	3	4	5
Quality of development:					
Showing (dialogue)	1	2	3	4	5
Snapshots	1	2	3	4	5
Thoughtshots	1	2	3	4	5
Written in logical order	1	2	3	4	5
Subtotal for section 1				x	2
Total section 1					
Section 2					
Parts of the process: Prewriting Revisions Final	1	2	3	4	5
Format	1	2	3	4	5
Word choice	1	2	3	4	5
Spelling	1	2	3	4	5
Subtotal for section 2					
Total section 1				+	
Total Grade				========	

Comments:_____

_____

(Adapted from Acts of Teaching, 1993)

APPENDIX M

FINAL WRITING

Purpose: to compare with writing pre-test and evaluate students' growth in the use of details, examples, and vivid language

APPENDIX M
STUDENTS' FINAL WRITING

Student a

The Chain

"Daddy, how did you get this chain?" Speed asked his father. Sit down son and I'll tell you all about it. When I was about three my father ship me to Korea to a teacher, a very special teacher, a Karate teacher.

The same man who taught grandpa. "Wow grandpa," Speed said, "Yes grandpa." Daddy you were shiped in a big box?" asked Speed. "Humm, no son I had an escort," it was a man my father hired. "Who was the man," said Speed. He was my nanny. What's a nanny said Speed? Speed! yes daddy. Lesson- and then- at the end ask me all the questions you want.

Then a sound came over us both. We could hear the airducts blowing. I thought to myself I never should have yelled. I then got up and told Speed sorry and sat him in my lap. I then kissed him on his forehead. Daddy said Speed, yes. You never finish the story. Oh yes, where was I again. You were at Korea and you were three said Speed. Oh yea. I was there for training. I began my training at the age of six. My teachers name was LeFo. He told me to call him Lothe. I practiced day and knight. All I ever did was eat breath and sleep Karate. One day I would work on my hand skills and then the next my leg and foot skills. I had to run on fire, climb the highest trees swim across rushingrapid. I even had to lay my hand in burnign fire to help me control my pain level.

Daddy why did you put your hand in fire said Speed? To help me prepare. Prepare for what. Shhh. I'll tell you. Each time I messed up Lo told me that my mind and soul must be one.

When I was sixteen Lo sent me our one day to get berries. When I retunred Lo was in a ruins and he was wearing a white suite. I stepped into the ruins, we bowed to each other. I was the firt to pick my head up. I glanced at him he then started to look at me. Our eyes locked with contact. I thought to myself he is superior to me. I couldn't touch him if I tried. He was like a god, a mighty god. We began battle. He jumped at me with a kick as straight as a nedle. I ducked and rolled as soon as I poped up I received a right bow to my temple. It felt like a hammer, but I shook it off fighting the paine. I then regained my sences and through three guick jobs. He ducked on the first two an on the third one he bent down and triped me. I fell my face hit the sand hard. I was just about to cry then all of a sudden I heard Lo saying get up get up you no goood no goood. I then flew up with a rage my eyes were red as blood. I was crying tears of madness.

With in a blink of an eye I let out two hand combonations to Lo's head. He swung. I ducked and came up with a kick to his face with enough momentum to break a thick bamboo branch. Lo's face then started to bleed from his forehead it dripped out like rain would drip off a persons face on a rainy day. He then charged me, I rolled him over on his back and held my fist in the air. At that moment I knew exactly what I was capable of. As I looked at his bloody face I thought to my self, I could take a man's live and at that instient I understood mind and soul must be won.

Well after that I stayed a few more weeks and then left the following month. Before I left he gave me this chain. Well that's the story Speed. I then looked down and saw Speed sleeping. I left him in his room and put the chain on him, it was a golden face of a lion.

Student b

Student c

Hercules

On day my grandparents gave me this old ring. They said, "It had magical powers". At first, I laughed at them until I put it on a rubbed it. Everyone froze, nobody moved. I clapped my hands and everyone unfroze. I looked up at my grandparents looked at the ring and said thanks. I went to my room and hid the old ring where nobody would find it. I was going to tell my parents about the ring, but they would think I'm crazy. So the only person I told was my girlfriend, Chrisy. When I first told her she looked at me like I lost it. Until she put the ring on her self, as soon as she rubbed it I started to dance to Mexican music. Then she clapped her hands and I stopped

dancing. Chrisy handed me the ring back, she told me that I did some weird dancing, but the funny thing was I didn't kow that I did it. Then all of a sudden we heard a big blast, like someone let a bomb off. We ran into the living room where we ran into two wizards. They told me that I was the chosen one, and I had to come back to their world with them to help them. They told me that the only one that could help was me, because I owned the ring. I didn't think twice, I gave Chrisy a kiss and said goodby. Then one of wizards to out his wand, waved it in the air a couple times then right in front of me was a big black hole. There was wind blowing all over the place. In a wink of an eye we were gone. We showed up at this swamp-like place with dinosaur creatures chasing, trying to eat people. One of the wizards quickly said point your ring at that creature. As I pointed at it the creature shrunk to the size of my foot. I was trying telling the wizards that it just doesn't shrink people, it does all kinds of things. The wizard told me that whatever I want to happen is what well happen. I was getting tired so I pointed my ring at a creature. It came over to me and acted like it was my horse. The wizard told me that their villages are being acted by this creatures. I saw one attacking the village so I zapped it, in minutes I had four creatures doing the Hula dance. I was thinking how I could help these people defend themselves. I had an idea, I went to the strongest man in the village. I took the ring and zapped him with it he bacame twice the size of all the creatures. When the creatures attacked he killed all of the creatures. Everyone called him Hercules.
I tried to use the ring once more, but it didn't work. The wizard said, "It's job is done, and its powers are gone. Your job is done as well". They thanked me and sent me back and I never heard from them again.

Student d
In a very durty and dark lake used to live a old cople. They were really stranged becouse they wouden't let no one get near to there home.
Till one day in the durty, dark lake they saw a light coming from the inside of the lake. They were suprised becouse sound's were coming from the blue lilght. In those sounds the were hearing there names. So they fainted.
When they woak up they saw themselfs traveling in the lake. They started to look around and they saw two wearied persons saing, you will be younger but you most fallow are rules. Why would we most fallow you'r rules? Becouse everytime you whount fallow are rules you will stare to get older again. So they said O.K. we will fallow your rules. One of the orders was to bring a vergin girl to the lake. The old copal asked. How can we bring a vergin gril to this ugly lake? the alence answered we will turn this lake into a wounderland. The vergin girl most swim in the lake naked and in that moment the day will desapeare and a pink sun will come out. A really cute guy will appeared she will fall in love with him. He will take her into the deepest part of the lake. When they get there the lake will turen back inthe the durty dark lake. She will see her self in a nother world. The cute guy that she had meet was no longer a guy he had turned into a alien, when she saw him she got suprised. Then she looked at her self in the mire and she saw that she was no longer a human she had turned to a aliene. She started to wounder what was going wrong? They took her to a place where only girsl like he were there. One of the girls asked. When will we be free? The alene answered there is only two way's, which way are they she asked? you most have a sexual relationship with a regular humans so they could be more of us. So we could have the hall world to our selfves. A other way you could be free is if you look for the entrence which you enter. They started to look. One of the grils said look, look at the pink sun, they started heading to it. One of the grils head when up, look have you guy's knnowdest that every time are heads go up the lake gets purtier, and the sun has changed it's color.
The old couple wish were once junger started to loss enegize, so they started to turn back to there regular age. They no longer wanted to live around the lake. So they moved into the city. Then the alience left the land to see if there drime could came true in a nother planet.
After everyone lived free and happy after.

Student e

Swimming

When I was little I loved the water. My mom got me start swiming when I was a baby and since then I've been swimming. I remember Andrea, Kristy, and I were always swiming, either in my pool or Kristy's pool. I found a picture of Kristy and I in our swimsuits getting rady for the beach, I lost tonch with Kristy and Andrea they both moved away. When I would go to the beach with my mom and grandma, I loved making sand castles and collect shells. I haven't swam in a while but, I know I will when summer comes. A long time ago, about 6 years ago my grandmother had this little pool that you could fill up with water, it was for the grandchildren sometimes my grandnother would go in it to get a suntan. A while back, before my parents got a divoiced, there was this place we all used to go called St. John's. It was beautiful, it was a big lake were you could go fishing, boat riding the people are really nice there, my dad had this big red and black tube with handles that you hold on to he would tie a big long rope to the boat and the tube and you just sit in it and hold on as the boat was going, it is so fun. A few miles down the lake there's this place called the Blue Springs it's a long river with 3 decks, the water is ice cold. I would take the tube and go down the river, not all the way down just half way. My momwould never go in the water it's to cold for her, but my dad would jump right in it took me a while. One year my dad took me White Water Rafting, boy that was so fun. The sky was clear blue, water you could see everthing, flowers and trees were all colors, the water, it was cold, but pretty. I was a little nervous about if I woul fall out, but for sure I didn't. As we were going down the river, laughing and talking. I felt that something was wrong we were not moving, I go to my dad "dad I don't think were moving" "of course we are moving." Well I thought my dad was right. Then someone on the raft said "Ouch!" "What happen" I said. "I hit my hand on this big rock that we seem to be stuck on" "Are we going to be stuck here forever." "Okay people clam down, I have a rope when the other raft comes down I'll grab a hold and tie the rope" said the guide. When the raft came down, the guide jump in the water to tie the long rope, but he lost he's grip and went down the river. "Oh great now what are we going to do." someone called out loud. "Dad do something" I said. "Okay!" "I'm gonna need some help." "What are you going to do." "I'm going to tie the rope to the next raft." This nice man on the raft helped my dad, I was getting nervous. "Okay here comes the next raft." my dad said. My dad jumped right in the water, swam across the river grab a hold of the raft and tide it to the other raft "HURRY!" "The raft is fillling up with water." "Okay everyone one by one jump in the water." One by one we jumped in the river. We were all saved thanks to my dad. Well we made it back to the meeting place. Everyone thanked my dad. "Well you guys made it." said the guide. "Here's two certificates" "Thank you." my dad said. THE END!

Student f

On the first day back from Spring Break was the weirdest day of my life. It was around 2:20 p.m. when my friends and I arrived back from lunch, going to sixth hour, Ms. Cuesaves class. Today was a pretty good day, I skipped fifth period. My teacher was standing in front of the door as I she was waiting ro someone to arrive. When the bell rang she anounced "good morning students today we will be having class in the hallway." Jon is an obnoxious guy, who no ones likes. But I do, I thing hes cute. Jon questioned "Why? Why are we gonna have class in the hallway?" She then told us "its because the air condition and that it is hot in the room." Since its raining outside we were trapped in the building. Everyone started questioning and arguing cause it was smushy in the hallway. Jon said, "Ms. Cuesaves I need to get my paper from my folder in the class." She roared, "No you cant go in there." The whole class was in shoke. "Ms Cuesaves raised her voice?" Kim qustioned "Well, why not?" she answered, "Well... well... because its hot." real softly. And everyone went on with there busines.

But why she wouldn't let us in there is because there are men in there who have her fourth hour for hustage. Well not the whole class just the guys. They let the girls or should I say "woman" go. The terrerists told my teacher that if she tells anyone there here they'll just kill her. But she did. She yelled to the security man at our school, Mr. Smith, and said, "Oh please go call 911, get help, there here, there here." As they both started running to the ofice he asked "Why?

Who's here?" She anwered, "the terrerists have my boys from fourth hour." Ms Cuesaves did not tell anyone bout the men till the end of lunch. They both went for help. I overheard all this during the 7th hour. I had been out of class to use the restroom when I heard it.

Around a little while later the S.W.A.T. team arrived. They all wore blue suits and the phrase S.W.A.T. on the back side. They all carried loaded machine guns with extra amunitions. That how I knew it was them. They had to get all the students and teachers out of the building. By this time it stopped raining. The S.W.A.T. team surounded both sides of the class doors. Luckely the window and curtains were closed so they could not see out or hear anything in. I skipped my next hour, 8th class with a friend so we could see what would happen. By this time they were about to go in when we all heard a gun fire. So now they're sure they got weapons and not affraind to use them. Then they barged in. My friend and I could not see wha thappen then but we knew everyone was okay. The shots were just to scare everyone. The four men were Immidietly taken to jail. Oh and that night on T.V. on channel 7 I heard that they did this cause of revenge. They wanted to leave the country but the government would not let them. Now for sure there never leaving.

The next day thats all the school and the country were talking about. The hold up at Nova High.

Student g

I did my report on my bestfriend named Shan. My parents and family says that we look alike. We have the same kind of hairstyle, which is cut at the stop, and long at the back. We also have light brown eyes. Only thing is Shan is darker than me, and I'm lighter. Shan and I like alot of jewerly and clothes. Every weekend we would go to the mall to shop, Shan would see an outfit in the store and it would be something short, like the shorts are very short and little tanktop. Everytime I tell Shan "You don't need to express your body like that," she replies. "You are not my mom so don't worry about me," I said, "Well forget you then." Shan said. I'm only playing, "you think I would go out the house looking like a slut," Shan said. Child lets go." All of a sudden, I see Charis boy and he look fine." Shan said. Yes child let's go talk to him." Janelle said, "No he is my man and you not talking to him," Shan said well excuse me but that is not your man because I don't see your name on him. So I said, "Hold up, I know you ain't trying to show out in front of him." Shan said "If I was don't worry about it. I said, "It ain't no need for you to get an attitude with me because that boy probably wouldn't like you. Shan said, "Forget you then since you want to be a backstabber" I said "Well I don't need you." I can survive without you. Plus you don't need to be looking like that with your face wrinkled up like that." I said forget and I walked away. "When I got home I called my friend name Lasha, and I told her what had happen. "She said "You need to talk to her about what happen," I said "Why do I have to talk to her, just when she started it." I said well let me call you back. A half an hour later Shan came over my house and she was like I'm sorry for what I said, and I said sorry to, and we just became friends again. The end.

Student h

<u>Potion Comotion</u>

"Drink this, my boy." "No, please, stop, I don't want it." "Just drink a sip, I'll do you no harm." Okay, shawn said.

It was a dark night. The wind blew the trees and they rusted making ooohh sounds. Shawn had been out taking a walk through the forest because he got in a fight with his parents. All of a sudden an old lady appeared before him. She was wrinkled up and her left eye was sown shut. Shawn didn't aproach her and tried taking different paths each time he'd move away she'd appear right in front of him like majic. Finally she held out a small bottle. "What's this," Shawn asked. The old lady answered by telling him just to drink it up; it's good. Shawn refused so the old lady got mad. She kept insisting till Shawn gave in. Finally Shawn drank a sip and the old woman disppeared. A light laughter filled the air and the old lady was gone. The wind blew Shawn's hair and it gave him the chills. He began his walk home in curiosity of what he drank.

Little did Shawn know that what he drank was a majic potion which turned him evil. He now would disobey, lie, be violent, and the only way he would get the spell off was to get a kiss

by the next full moon. This was an evil spell and evil spell and the potion was just beginning to kick in when Shawn reached his house. When he opened the door he saw his parent standing there with their arms crossed. He said "Why are you looking at me like that." Then he walked up to his room and closed the door. He picked up the phone and called his best riend, Ryan. Ryan asked Shawn if he was intrested in meeting his friend Sara. Shawn said yes. Then they talked and made arrangements for them to all meet at Shawn's house tomorrow.

The next day Shawn awoke forgetting all about meeting Sara. He also forgot about the old lady & the potion. He grabbed an orange and flopped on the couch to watch T.V. Then the doorbell rang. It was Sara and Ryan. Shawn ran to the door and let them in. When Sara first saw Shawn when he opened the door she was impressed. She liked him as soon as she saw him. Ryan left and Sara and Shawn sat on the couch. He put his arm around her and things were going great so far. Then Shawn dog ran over to the couch just then Shawn's potion kicked in. He kicked his dog, and it flew acros the room. Sara ran over to the dog. She said, "Shawn what's wrong with you?" He said, "I don't know, I mean I don't know what came over me. He sat in shock wondering why he did that. Sara was begining to have second thoughts about Shawn now. She said "I think I have to go now." He walked her to the door then he was about to kiss her goodby when the potion kicked in. He said bye and slammed the door. This went on for a few weeks. He'd be sweet and mean off and on. Sara became very confused. There just was something about Shawn that kept Sara liking him. One day Shawn and Sara went on a walk. It was getting dark. Sara and Shawn were sitting under a tree looking at the stars. Then he kissed her and the trees rustled & the moon light was suddenly gone. Sara and Shawn sat alone in the pitch darkness. Then a bolt of light flashed in front of them and the old lady appeared. Then the lady that was old and wrinkled turned into a princess. Beacuse a spell was on the princess. When the princes got fooled into drinking a potion she was transformed into an old lady. Her job was to give somebody the same potion and if they kiss the spell is off and the princess tuned back. Sara and Shawn starting dating an lived happily ever after.

Student i

It seemed like the hottest day of the year, Jon thought the soles of his shoes were going to melt on the steaming-hot gravel sidewalks. The streets were empty, eveyone had escaped to the refuge of their homes to try to stay cool. He felt horrible after finally completing what he thought to be the worst day of school he ever had. In his first class, algebra, he received an "F" on a test he thought he did so well on. Then during lunch he ruined his brand new shirt by spilling an entire carton of milk all over himself. By the end of the day Jon was physically and menatallly exhausted. He felt that he could not go on and he looked like he had just spent two months in a refugee camp, his face becamne drenched in persperation from the heat and his clothes looked stained and tattered.

Finnally he saw his girlfriend, Betty, and started to feel a little better until out of the blue she said the infamous line that everyone knows means trouble, "We have to talk."

Jon froze, this could not be happening, "What do you mesn we have to talk," he said, "Our relationship has been going just fine and now all of a sudden you are trying to dump me."

Without saying another word he stormed off to his house, feeling even worse.

When he arrived home the last thing he needed was his mother to be nagging him, she compalined that he had not cleaned his room or washed the dog as she had told him to do that morning. This turned out to be the "straw that broke the camels back". Jon finally snapped, he had so much anger and rage built-up inside that he could not conntrol it any longer. He felt the weight of the world coming down on him.

In a blind rage he viciously attacked his mother, not even thinking about what he was doing. He kicked and punched his mother countless times until he finally became exhausted. When he looked down he realized what he had done, his mother laid motionless on the bottom of the kitchen floor due the fact that her own son just beat her within an inch of her life. Suddenly, Jon felt an enormous wave of guilt and remorse hit him like a ton of bricks.

Not knowing what to do he panicked, he took the car keys and drove as far and as fast as he posibly could. He couldn't think striaght, everything rushed by, and his mind became a complete blur. About two hours down the road Jon finally clamed down and tried to put

everything into perspective.

He thought to himself, "Should I go home and try to help my mother, if she's still alive or turn myself into the police, and let them try to sort everything out."

He immediately ruled out turning himself into the police, after thinking it out for a few more minutes he came up with a great idea, why don't I just go on the run? Jon hit the gas pedal and headed south of the border. After easily faking his way through Mexican Customs he set his sights on Tiajuana. He had read a magazine article stating that Tiajuana would have to become your final destination if bars and whore houses are your kind of places.

After that no one really knows what hapened to Jon, but rumor has it that he began his very own brothel under the alias of Don Juan. Hes new career has been very lucrative and he now has a multi-million dollar house on the water and is married to one of his finest young ladies.

Student j

Student k

Changes

Becca and Randi were sitting around listening to music. Randi told Becca "Hey, my boyfriend Sam and his best friend Ron are coming over now." Becca said, "all right." She new Sam well, and thought he was nice, and she figured that Ron would be just as nice as him.

Soon enough, the doorbell rang and Sam and Ron appeared. Sam introduced her to Ron, and Ron greeted her with a nice friendly smile. Becca thought that he looked like a nice guy. Sam and Randi went to the other room and left Becca and Ron alone. They were talking for awhile and laughing, and ralized that they got along very well. Becca told Debra later that day "I think that Ron I will become good friends."

Becca was sitting at home that night watching television, when her phone rang. She heard an unfamiliar voice. "Hey, this is Ron... Sam's friend, I just wanted to call and say hi!" Becca said still in shock from him calling her, "Hey what's up what are you doing?" "Well", Ron said, "I am watching Beavis and Butthead on T.V." "Really, that is my favorite show," replied Becca, "Me to!!", Ron announced. They talked the rest of the night about school, music, friends, and anything else you can think of. They talked for the next few nights, and started to become close.

A few days later, she was sittinmg on her bed with a towel on her head, painting her nails, when all of a sudden she heard a knock on her window. She looked through the blinds and saw Rons face, a big smile appeared on her face. Seeing him made her so thrilled. She went outside and they walked down to a restaurant to get some lunch. When the bill came Ron said "It's my treat, it's in honor of the begining of a great friendship", Becca said "Thank you, You kow I am glad I met you." "Me too!", Ron said.

Weeks later: Becca was on the phone when her other line clicked, "Hello", "Hi, Becca", Becca knew the voice right away, "Gosh Ron, you are calling me already, I just let your house an hour ago" Well Becca, I can never get enough of my best friend" "I agree!, but I have someone on the other line, Can I call you back?" Yes you can, bye I love you.", "I love you too." Later that night she called him back, after talkig awhile, she looked at her watch, she screamed "Oh my gosh it's two in the morning, my mom will kill me if she finds me on the phone this late again!", "O.K. I'll call you tomorrow. Beca went to sleep feeling so happy that she found such a great best friend. She thought to herself, "I think Ron and I will be friends for a long time.

Then one day Becca fixed Ron up with one of her best friends Meredith. Becca was very happy for them. On a Thursday night she looked at her watch, and it was 11 o'clock, and Ron hadn't called. Actually he hadn't called her since Sunday night! She decided to call him. "Hello Ron, This is Becca," Ron said in an unenthusiastic way "Hi Becca, listen I am on the other line with Meredith," "Well alright, we haven't talked for awhile,"

"Well my life does not revolve around you!", Becca shocked to hear this, just said "Just call me back." "Whatever", he said, and just hung up. She started finding this conversation very familiar. He never called her, and when she called him, he'd just act in this way.

Then one day there was a knock on her window. Her heart stopped. She new it would be Ron. She got very excited, and looked out the window, and sadly realized it was Meredith. Becca

pulled up her window, and Merdith said, "Ron and I broke up a few days ago, I thought you'd want to know, but I'm on my way to the store, call me later." Becca decided to go over to Ron's. Now things would be different. She went there and knocked on the door, he answered the door and said, "Hi, what do you want?" In shock Becca said, "I just came by to say hello." Then Ron muttered," Well you've said it, see you later.", and closed the door in her face! That was the last straw, she rang the doorbell, and he came out again. She ripped their best riend charm off her neck, threw it in his face, and screamed "Find yourself a new best friend, I never want to talk to you agian!"

She ran home crying the whole time. Her neck was stinging from pulling the necklace off, and her fingers were hurting, buy not nearly as much as her heart hurt. She thought abouy how she ripped her necklace off, and then she thought about how it felt like he had just ripped her heart out.

She cried herself to sleep that night. The next day she thought about Ron all day. She couldn't figure it out, Was it something she'd done? She couldn't stop thinking about the good times they had together, but she figured that the time had come to try to forget about Ron.

A few weeks later she finally started to be happy again. She put on the radio, and the song that Becca and Ron loved and used to sing together, came on. She started bursting out crying. She used up a roll of toilet paper drying her tears. She wanted to be friends with him again.

After a long time they ran into each other at the movies. To her surprise he walked over to her and said "Becca I want to talk to you" Becca said "O.K.", "Becca, I Mis you, I mis our friendship"

"Ron, I miss you too, but I don't miss that rude stufff you did to me, Why were you like that?"

"I realize now how I was acting, and it's just because I got so caught up with Meredith that I forgot about everything else"

"But you were rude to me after you broke up, too!

"Well, that's just because I was upset about the breakup, and I took it out on you, I'm so sorry."

"That's O.K, I just don't want to fight anymore!", and then he hugged her, and everything felt great again.

Sice then, they haven't had the perfect friendship, but he has mostly been "the old Ron", but when he treats her bad, she just realizes tha he is the kind of person that she can't live with out. So, she just accepts him for who he is, and ralizes that he is not a true friend.

"The Lottery"

By: Ebony Wallace

It all started on a bright and early Saturday morning,the birds were singing,a glorious day it was. As usual Kirk Major was taking a walk to the store for his lottery ticket. But this day was different,when he entered the store he saw the, the woman of his dreams. He was speechless. She noticed him also,she kept a close eye though because she thought he was going to rob the store, especially how he kept staring at her. He approached the counter and proceeded to buy his ticket then she spoke,"One or two,please". He quickly replied,"Two, one for me and one for you". But her only reply was,"Thank-you". So he left the store and went home but she was all he could think about, so he decided to go to the store after work. The next day he went to the store and she wasn't there, or the day after.

A couple of weeks went by, and although there were other women in Kirk's life he was still thinking about her,her he didn't even know her name. So Kirk was sitting home one day watching the News, when the winning numbers for the lottery came on, sounding so very familiar, they were,they were the numbers belonging to his winning lottery ticket which was sitting right on the end table. He was so overwhelmed he totally forgot about the girl. The next day he went to claim his prize,he was all over the papers and television his name was everywhere after all we are talking about 75 million dollars.

He was still interested in the girl so he went to the store to look for her and yes she was there waiting happily behind the counter. He went up to the register to speak with her but before he could speak she slips him a note,which read"Call me tonight I get off work a little after nine-Jen'ee". So he went home and called a male answered the phone in a masculine "Hello". So Kirk started to think to himself, "Could she be married,but she couldn't be, because she wasn't wearing a ring, or just maybe she has a boyfriend". So Kirk replied trying to sound as manly he could,

Hello is Jen'ee there". Jen'ee picks up the phone and answers him back. They begin to talk and he asked about the male at her house and she told him it was just a relative from out of town. He also asked her about why she wasn't at work and she said she was on vacation. She basically had an answer for all of his questions.

The next day waking up he knew something was up with Jen'ee but he had already made a date with her later on today. "Maybe its my money,she has to know,everyone knows people I don't even know stop me and ask me if I'm the guy from T.V.,hopes she likes me for me and not my money",he thought. While he was getting ready for their date, the phone rang,it was Jen'ee she wanted to change plans and have dinner at her house so she gave Kirk the directions to get there. When Kirk showed up he saw that the house was dim and that the only light was by candlelight. She welcomed him in and they ate she cooked Chicken Teriyaki with a sweet-n-sour sauce. The food was excellent and so was she, also she was wearing an elegant short black dress to accentuate her long black hair. She also had soft music in the background. The evening was extravagant in all ways, after they ate he took her for a night out on the town. They fell in love instantly. He was so much in love he asked her to marry him,she didn't give an answer. After popping the question he took her home to let her think about it.

The next night he went to her house to pick her up. He took her to dinner and he brought up marriage again, but unexpectedly, she said,"Yes I will marry you". So they went to a chapel up the road to get married, they just couldn't wait they both were so excited. So they get to the chapel and get married, so now since they are husband and wife, she decided to sleep at Kirk's house. The next day they went to the bank to put all of their money in a joint account,this was Jen'ee's idea of course. The filed everything up under Mr. and Mrs. Kirk Major. They went home fatigue and restless, then went straight to sleep. Well at least that was what Kirk thought, Jen'ee woke up in the middle of the night and made a call to her

pause,saying,"Everything's going according to plan, now its only a matter of time before I can cease all assets". Kirk began to wake up and he asked her,"Who were you talking to".She replied,"No one, now go back to sleep".

A few days past and Jen'ee told Kirk her mom was very sick and that she had to go up to visit her and that Kirk should stay behind. So she left on this so called trip. She stayed away for weeks and didn't call, she was gone without a trace. So he went through her stuff and found a number it appeared to be a beeper number so Kirk beeped and put his number in and waited for a call back. In about fifteen minutes the phone rang and he disguised his voice as Jen'ee's. It was a man on other other line who said,"Someone beeped". Kirk said."Yes this is Jen'ee where are you". "Where am I were are you,you are supposed to be on a plane half way across the country with the money, You do have the money right"? replied the man. Kirk answered,"What money"? "What do you mean what money, don't tell me you forgot the money, the money we are are getting from the stupid rich guy, the money were we schemed him into believing you liked him, then marrying stupid for the joint account what other money could I be talking about. And why do you sound that way?" said the man. "Oh I just have a slight cold, but the money is yours I'll call you later he just walked in, bye".

After that conversation Kirk cried and cried because he couldn't believe he could get used by his own wife who he once loved. He then knew that he recognized that man's voice from that night it was her relative. She had to be scheming since the very beginning when she was in the store the second time up until now. Thinking about this made him weep even more but thinking of how drained he is going to be. Kirk didn't make any trips to the bank because he knew there was nothing left. She was gone with his money and left him behind to grovel in self-pity.

The next day he put up enough energy to go to the bank to check on his

savings and amazingly all of his money was there, she hadn't touched a thing. This was the best day of Kirk's life. He went home and surprisingly Jen'ee was there and greeted him at the door. He said to her,"Aren't you supposed to be half way across the country spending all my money". "What are you talking about", said Jen'ee. "I know all about the plan Jen'ee how you married me just for my money and how you were going to run off with your so-called relative who's staying at your house. Why didn't you stay gone you betrayed my trust, my love, and our marriage and I have no words for you". Jen'ee saying snobbery, "I'm sorry I know I was wrong that is why I came back to you, I love you, that is why I couldn't go through with the plan. Please forgive me at first I admit I just wanted the money but now that I'm in love with you my husband it matters nothing to me". Kirk could never turn his back on a begging lady especially since she loves him, is his wife, and didn't run off with his money. So Kirk takes Jen'ee back after finding out she's pregnant with his kid.

Three months later the people from the lottery headquarters called Kirk and Jen'ee's house and asked to speak to Kirk. They told Kirk he didn't win the lottery, Kirk wasn't eligible to win because his brother works for the government. So Kirk had to give back everything the new house, the car, and everything. Kirk was so very angry because he isn't financially stable, he has to somehow tell Jen'ee,and how when she has the baby next month. Jen'ee comes home from her walk and he tells her but she didn't care long as they were together. This made him love her even more.

A month later Jen'ee has her baby, and its a boy so she named him after his father. They now live in a two bedroom apartment like other newlyweds. They also have a dog named after Kirk's great government working brother. Despite all their differences together their love made it all possible.

Student m

One day while Maranda was still sleeping her mother came into the room an crept softly across the lush carpet. She woke Maranda and said "Honey, you are five years old now and you are going to start kindergarten soon." When her mother finished speaking she sat up in bed streched her arms and let out a heigh yawn. Maranda then asked "What will I do in kindergarten?" mother said "You will learn numbers and letters, color pictures, and play games with other children." Maranda was very excited when her mother told her this.

The next day Maranda and her mother work up early to take her older brother to school. After droping her brother off at school Maranda's mother drove them to the mall. Maranda loved to go to the mall and when they got their she too her mother's hand and entered the mall. Inside it was giganic and Maranda thought it was as big as a castle. They started walking to a department store. On the way they passed lots of little stores. When they got to the department store Maranda an her mom walked to the little girls department to look for a new dress to wear on the first day of school. Maranda walked around and saw nothing she liked but then she saw the most beautiful dress and let out a gasp. She ran and grabbed it off the rack and went to the dressing room to try it on. It was a pink dress with a big bow in the back. Maranda tried it on and it fit perfectly. So they went to go buy it.

While Maranda's mom went to buy the dress Maranda walked off to look at something. When her mother turned around she saw she was gone. She got very scared and briskly walked around the store to see if she could find her.

Maranda was looking at pink matching shoes when she noticed her mom was not behind her. She was very smart so she went everywhere she had been with her mom. When she did not find her in those places she sat down and tears started rollig down her cheeks. Then she remembered where her mom had parked the car so she flew through the mall and out to the parking lot. Her mom's car was still there so she went back inside and sat by the entrance where her mother would go out.

When Maranda's mom found that she was not in the department store she went out into the mall to look for Maranda. She went up and down looking in all the stores then she started to just walk up and down calling out Maranda's name. But all of a sudden she saw a little girl sitting by the entrance crying. Sure enough it was Maranda. She ran over to her and scooped her up in her arm and squeezed her tightly. Then Maranda said, "momy I'm sorry I never leave you again." "Her mother then said, "I love you and I watch you more closely from now on. Come on let's go get some ice cream!" The end.

Student n

Student o

THE MYSTERY CRUISE

The ship was rocking as the crew guided us to our cabin on the ship. This was the third time we went cruising on the Norway. The Norway is the largest steam ship in the world.

The nice, crisp day couldn't keep up in the room so we ventured off to the pool deck to wave behind to the crowd and enjoy the afternoon. This was the beginning of our trip to hell. The burning sun tanned our backs as we approached the island of St. Thomas. On this day we planned to have the most exciting day, as it was our last on the island. The men are screaming," come, come to my van, $20. an hour", but we only needed to walk to our destination. The mast was gleaning in the sunlight and the catamaran was rocking at the dock. My father, sister, uncle, aunt, and cousins, decided to have a sunset to the seas afternoon on the "Naked Turtle." The Naked Turtled is a catamaran that gives a ride to an island for snorkeling and fine dining. The boat is 60 ft. long and has nets up front for people to lie out on for a tan. At the back of a boat is an area for sitting and setting drinks. The sailboat left around 9 a. m. as the cruise ships approached the dock. The scenery we saw was like no other we had ever seen before. Mermaids and fish were so exquisite to see as they were traveling side by side. The day was beautiful. There was a cool breeze and the water was choppy. My dad was already trying to pick up women to talk to while my sister and I were giving a tan on the nets. "Hold on, hold on, the big one is coming, Jen." The cold sea soaked our bodies as it felt so refreshing. Aunt Lisa and Uncle Johnny headed for cover, so they wouldn't get soaked and hot. The rockiness of the boat going up and down was making the trip exciting and adventurous. All I was thinking was, I want to get splashed. I want to get splashed. The burning sun made the salt water feel so good. Near the island, the crew was pulling down the mast to get close to the island. At this point, the waves were puny, and I had decided to go see the glass bathroom. In the bathroom, you can see underwater. The

different corals appeared to look like a rainbow. Splash, splash, big giant ripples were in the water. I ran upstairs, but I did not expect to see someone in the water. Jen was about to have a heart attack she was laughing so hard. It was my uncle who fell in the water. He tripped over a drink walking out of the sitting area. Near him, I saw an enormous barracuda, as the water was extremely clear. He swam to shore as the tide pulled the boat in too. This catamaran was very interesting as it had a ladder in front that lowered to walk up to the beach on. My dad and I got snorkeling gear, as the crew recommended we visit the reef which was 20 yards out. The cold water felt refreshing to dip into and the sand felt like soft powder." Oh my God!, Look at that barracuda, Dad, it is humongous." Slight shivers went down my back as the fish passed. Soon after that excitement had happened, we reached the coral reef. With amazement of seeing the reef, I had a burst of energy and I dove down to see the moray eel hiding in the reef." Josh, I am going to head father out to see the sharks." " Wait up Dad." The sharks were so interesting that I wondered what it would be like to be one. As I was daydreaming, a loud blast occurred. This loud blast meant that lunch was ready. We swam furiously through the choppy tide since we were hungry.

The hot boat made my toes burn as I ran on the deck to get lunch. Inside everyone started to eat, so my dad and I got our plates. BANG, BANG, gun shots rang. Stop what your are doing, and put your hands up or else! This gorgeous fishing boat, I think it was a Buddy Davis, pulled up next to the Naked Turtle. When the boat stopped, a man with a peg leg and a pirates hat appeared. The barrel of a twin shot gun was pointed at us, with the hammer cocked back." MATES, get out here now, or you will be one of them." Five or six other pirates appeared with guns. BANG, BANG, BANG, every one was killed except me and the pirates. The leader of the pack stepped up and blasted me through the chest. Blood was gushing out and I could feel my life before my hands. I still was not dead, but I knew it

would not be long." Ho, Ho, Ho, a pirates life for me." I heard them singing the song from the Pirates of the Carribean. A bright yellow stairway appeared, and I heard my family say, "come Josh" , and I did. "Josh", "josh", wake up. We are going on the Naked Turtle. Wake up, now or we will miss the catamaran.

Pleasant View, N.C.

The town: Pleasant View, N.C., on olde fashioned manufacturing town which manufactures anything from automobiles to zippers! Our town's 401 residents were busy picking up products, delivering materials, and hurrying across the old cobblestone streets. The story takes place in the middle of summer and the people were as friendly as can be. But all things are not what they seem!

Our town seems perfect, right? What else can you ask for; we have fields as far as the eye can see, and community gatherings monthly where Ida May makes her plump, juicy fried chicken! I lived in a cul-de-sac with my best friend, Ryan living next door. My friends' names were Zeke, Lowell, Mary, Soshe, and Errol. One day I was going to host a pool party and well, things started to get a little strange. Our story begins here!

The day, a day much like today, the sun shining away, there wasn't a cloud in the sky and the only noise to be heard was the pouring of frosty, cold lemonade. The pool party was to be held in my pool, which looked as big as a house, literally. The time must have been around noon because the sun was directly overhead.

I started to prepare for my pool party, the most awaited event of

the summer. I blew up the rafts, turned on the pool heater, and then put the chairs into place. Then people started showing up. My first guest, Ryan, helped me prepare. Everyone else followed, except Errol and Soshe.

My guests and I were having so much fun splashing in the pool that we didn't realize that two hours had passed. As I climbed out of the pool, I slipped backwards and hit my head. Ouch! My friends helped me up, realized what time it was, and then we worried about the safety of Errol and Soshe. Why would they miss the most talked about event of the summer? We dried our now bronze-colored bodies and got dressed. The time now was 3:15PM. The gang and I decided to search the neighborhood. Our first destination was Soshe's house, 415 Beach Lane. We knocked and no one answered. All right, no problem; one person is not home. Next, we proceeded to 999 Upside-Down Lane, Errol's home. No one answered there either.

The town of Pleasant View, once occupied by the hustle and bustle of everyday life, was now as quiet as a ghost town. As a matter of fact, I noticed three tumbleweeds pass in front of our group! In Pleasant View, there used to be a General Store which had oversized foodstuffs and people also hung-out there. We decided that the best place to look was there, and off we went. When we arrived, to our surprise the general store was closed. After we investigated to make

sure the store was OK, we left. When we began the journey back to my house, to continue our search, a voice demandingly screamed, "Hold it!" Everyone except Ryan and I scrambled away from the scene in every direction. The man who screamed looked a story tall and as skinny as a stick. I guess that you could describe him as someone who just arrived from the night of the living dead.

The man instructed us to approach him slowly and silently. Besides that the man's only other words were, "I thought I got rid of all of them." I thought to myself, what does he mean "all of them". Many outcomes passed through my head, Oh my god, is everyone dead! No, no that is impossible! Or is it? When we finally reached the man, he escorted us to an unknown structure. The structure looked like a cylindrical, shiny silo gleaming in the sun. This is unusual because I thought I knew every building in the city. Ryan said to me, " What are we doing here? Who is this nut? Whats going on?" The man identified himself as YWN and then told Ryan, "to shut up or else." Ryan replied, "Or else what?" Needless to say that was the last time I ever saw Ryan!

I thought to myself, how can I get out of here? Where am I? What does YWN stand for? and most importantly, Will I survive? Days passed without food or water. I was so scared, so terrified that I wasn't hungry. On the fourth or fifth day I escaped from the chains that bound me. When I did escape, my arms turned red and numb, you know like pins and needles from the stopped blood circulation. I guess that luck so happened that the old and rusted chains broke open on the weakest of force. When I exited the compound, I found that I was no longer in Pleasant View, but here in Ft. Lauderdale, Florida. When I tried to exit the city, some natural barrier held me back.

When I try to answer my questions, I cannot. So I decided to start a quest for the answers. The first day I exited the compound, I passed by a Newspaper kiosk; the day's headlines read:

Pleasant View, N.C.: BOMBS AWAY!
All 400 residents dead and accounted for except 1: Lee Posner

Was I dead or alive? That was the question that I asked myself.

When I tried to ask a police officer a question, he did not answer. Nor did five other people. I cannot digest food, carry on a conversation, yet even be heard, or touch anything; I came to this conclusion: I'm dead! I verified this phenonenom by passing through walls. At that point the rest of the headline caught my eye. The article displayed a partial answer to one of my questions; the suspected killer's name was Yakov Wilie Narim. He called himself Your Worst Nightmare (YWN for short)!

How does one get rid of a nightmare? You wake up, of course. And then all of a sudden I started to feel droplets of water on my face. When I awoke, I was safely back in Pleasant View, surrounded by my friends including Soshe, Errol, and Ryan. What a headache I had, I also had blurred vision. But my blurred eyesight didn't stop me from seeing this: Soshe and Errol had merely been fashionably late, while Ryan there, at the pool, here the whole time. After I took my Advil, I felt better and the party continued! told you all things aren't what they seem!

Student r

NO

Once upon at time there was a little boy who lived in masion. The mansion was buetiful. The masion had priceles vase & paiting thoughout the house. The little boy had everting he ever wanted, but the only problem was he had to have everthing his way. The spoiled beause he was an only child. His parent were never home there mostly away on buisness trips. So he never got in trouble with his parents until...

One day the little boy, named Johnny, when two the pawn shop saw a gun. He told his parent to buy it for him. As soon as they heard the both said "No!" at the same time and the first time. Johny got amd when he herd this from his parents. He so mad the his face looked like a chile pepper.

The next day, Johny went to the den were his dad keeps the money in a hidden vault and stole enough money to buy the gun.

Johny went to the same store and told the store owner that his dad is the mayor of the city, which he is, and ashore him that nothing will happen so he bought the gun and bullets He loaded the gun on the way out of the store. Suddenly he yells out "Wait-a-minute." and turns around quickly and shots the store ower. He finishes his sentenc" I want a better gun" with a quit voice. He loads a bag with all the guns and bullets and put the bags in his pick up truck.

When Johny got home he shot the nanny and waited for his parents to come home. When they did he shot them both as the came in the door. As he shooting he yelling "No, Huh; No this." repeatly.

Johny put up a fight with the cops but he loss. When the Natioanl Guards came in they shot dead. The end.

Student s

You Never Know Who You Run Into

It was a dark stormy night at my friend John's birthday party. We arrived at the party at 8:00 clock on the dot. As we arrived we looked and we saw son many beatiful girls there but we didn't know any one there but John. We started to dance to the fast pace musice as suddenly my eyes caugh this one beutiful girl. I couldn't beleive my eyes, I stop dancing and I went to go sit down. At this time I was very shy, so I told my freind John to come over and call here and tell here I want to spak to her As she aproached me I froze up I was so scared to talk to her, but I got over it. During our conversation we found out that we were from the same place, Jamaica. Our conversation went on and on till the party was almost over. I asked her if I could spend the day over her house the next day. She said O.K. so the next day I went over her house as soon as I rang the bell, I saw my step aunt I fliped. I pretended like I didn't know but her mom told her aunt and she broke with me.

Student t

Once upon a time there lived a very brave, hard working and responsible young man at the name of Alfredo Valdez who lived in the beautiful city of San Juan, Puerto Rico. Alfredo's story begins when his mother and father became very, Alfredo is put in charge of the farm, and nursing his parents back to health. But health is not what the Valdez family is given as one day Alfredo finds his mother has died in her sleep, and his father had grown weaker, so weak that he could not muster the strength to grieve for his departed wife. As alfredo comes back with a heavy heart after buring his mother he blames hisself for not getting the doctor like he should have. Then later on that day Alfredo's father calls for him he says, "Alfredo my eldest son you have become a man at 15 your are responsible, and a hard worker, there is no doubt in my mind that you will make something out of your life. I feel that my time grows short and my only wish is that you keep your brothers together and the farm in the family." Alfredo replies with sniffs and a muffled voice, "I will do you proud father." That night Alfredo's father died. Alfredo and his 2 younger brothers had a little funeral for both their parents, only friends were invited because all of Alfredo's family had gone to America and he didn't know how to contact them.

Soon after everyone has left the little cottage of the Valdez's. Alfredo is visited by a worker

"It wasn't me" screams the young Christopher Watson as a cop had brought him in the dark smelly questioning room in the Connerns Detention Center on 12th street. Christpoher and his friend Jason were being accused of stealing candy at the Robertsons candy store. It all started out that morning when Chris and Jason were playing basketball in the hot summer day, Jason and Chris were both 12 years old and in the sixth grade. Durning the day Jason had said "Hey Chris, do you want to go to the candy store afterwords?" Chris had replied "Shure why not". Later on that eveling the two boys had went to the candy store. When they had got there both of them were looking around until three other boys had came in and they were talikng among each other and Christopher had overheard them saying something about stealing some candy because they didn't have any money. As you walk in the store there is old gum stuck to the floor and it smells like fresh cotton candy being made Those three boys had took the candy and ran and Chris and Jason had ran too because they didn't want to get mistaken for it, but they both had got caught by the store clerk and he had held them there until the police had came to get them. When they had got to the detention center the police had called their mothers. When Chris's mom had got their she had told her son to tell everything what had happened and not to lie about it. Chris had told his mother the whole story and he had told the clerk to go back to the store with the viedo tape. About thirty minutes later the clerk had came back with the tape and they saw it and the cops had went back to the area and

found the three kids on the street corner and had took them back into cusity. As Chris and his mother was walking in the parking lot and He had looked up to his mother and said Mommy, "It wasn't me".

"Casey,wait up!" Haley yelled. Haley and Casey had been best friends since sixth grade.They became friends when their parents introduced the two of them.

Casey and Haley were well known at their school because they were both head cheerleaders. Casey liked Haley's boyfriend,Steve,a lot. Everyone thought Haley and Steve were the perfect couple because Haley was a cheerleader and Steve was on the football team. They loved each other so much when they first started dating. They went out all of eighth grade and the first half of ninth grade.Then they started having problems. Haley's life became a mess.

Steve and Haley started getting tired of each other because they were always together. One day during class,Steve went up to Haley and said."Haley,I think we should start seeing other people." Haley said,"Yeah,I guess you're right." Haley went home after cheerleading practice and cried until she fell asleep that night. After that day,things didn't get any better.

Casey and Haley hung out with a group of friends. Their names were Katie,Amy,Kristy,Sarah,and Lindsey. All of their families were super close.They always spent holidays together,planned days when they would all do something together, or the dads would all watch football while the girls went shopping.

One day Haley called Casey and asked Casey if she wanted to go to the beach? Casey's face lit up. She was so happy she was going to be able to leave the house. Casey said,"Sure,but

who's driving?" Haley told her that her mom said "She would pick up Casey if Casey's mom would bring them home." Casey said,"That would be okay."

They went to the beach that day. Casey had been pretty good friends with Steve,and Haley was kind of jealous. Haley asked Casey if there was anything going on between her and Steve? And Casey said,"No,there wasn't anything going on between them and that she would never do anything with Steve because her and Haley were best friends. Haley said,"Oh,okay I was just wondering.

They left the beach and walked towards the boardwalk. After a while they stopped at a beachside cafe.They both had pizza and a glass of water. A little while later they walked back to their spot on the beach. They stayed at the beach until about 6:00 pm. Casey's mom came and got them and they all went back to Casey's house.

When they got there,there was a message on Casey's answering machine for Haley to call her mom as soon as they got home. Haley called her mom and her mom said,"Haley,I don't know how to tell you this,but Lindsey's dad has been transferred to London and she is moving on Monday."It was now Thursday.She only had three full days until one of her best friends left. She hung up with her mom and told Casey and her mom about Lindsey.Casey looked like she was about to cry. Her face was puffy and she was speechless. Haley told Casey that if she would call and tell Katie and Amy,then she would call Sarah and Kristy. Casey was too upset to call anybody just

then, so she went with her mom to take Haley home.

On the way there and back,Casey just stared out the window. She had never been more upset in her life. When she got home she went to her room and fell asleep.

The next day Katie,Amy,Kristy,Lindsey,Haley,and Casey all made plans to go miniature golfing. Everyone showed up except Lindsey. They called her house and Lindsey's mom said "Lindsey thought it would be harder to leave on Monday if she saw all of you again." Haley hung-up with Lindsey's mom. She told everyone else what had happened. After their game was over they all went home. The next day everyone planned to meet at Lindsey's house unexpectedly. They did exactly that. The next day everyone showed up. Lindsey was so happy to see all of them because she never really got to say good-bye. This was the last day they all were together.

Student w

My 10th Birthday

My tenth birthday party is the most memorable time for me. Maybe it's because I shared the birthday party with my baby cousin. No, its mostly because it was the first only time I got drunk.

New York was the site of the party I would be in my aunt's den . School was out for summer vacation. I was visiting my cousin Chris & his baby sister Shantaye. Shantaye was born five days before my birthday so my aunt suggtested we share a birthday party together.

My cousin Barbara was planning the party. All of my relatives were coming half of my family live in the New York area, so my aunt's house was going to be packed.

The morning of my birthday, Barbara and my sister Tanya took me downtown. They took me to Saks Fifth Avenue. They took me there to get a birthday outfit.

On the night of my party, the house was packed. All my relatives, there to see me. That's what I thought. I soon found out that theory was wrong. They were actually there to see my cousin. She was getting all of the attention.

When they came into the room with the birthday cake, that's when I really got mad. It had one candle and her name on it. After that, I stood up, & left.

I went down the hall into my cousin's room. I opened the door and threw myself on his bed. I started crying hard on the pillow. Then someone opened the door I jumped up & screamed. I was my cousin Kevin. He asked me what I was doing in his room. I told him what happened. He gave me root tonic. I got drunk!

I had the worst hangover I never felt so bad in all my life I was by the toilet most of the day. my cousin was packing when I entered his room. He told me he left because he got me drunk. He left for the airport a couple of hours later.

The next day I started counting my presents. I got all presents. They did remember me. I learned a valuable lesson. You can't get everythig you want all the time.

Student x

Studentt y

Imagine yourself in a world of peace. Then as you move in closer in on this world, you see people that's in their own time with harmoy and serene beauty. In the shadow of a great tree that's been in its spot before the young man was born.

The young man's name is Hajile he is in his adolescene stage. Hajile stays with his mother and his two sisters. He often thinks of his sisters when he is alone. Hajile remember an agument that he and his sister Lane had earlier that day. The argument did not have everyone upset it was just a disagreement on the way people should worship.

The beings stood in front of Hajile and spoke in a language not of his own saying "It is stupid to run there is no excape surrender and you will live, or if not thou shall die this day." Hajile did not understand and thought they spoke friendly words raised one had that meant greeting in a warm welcome. Hajile in his language said "Greetings I'm Hajile and I welcome you to our land."

The leader of the group of beings was like the king of lions with his long Golden hair like that of a long mane and the beautiful clothing. He had metal things on his chest and they're as many as a cheetah has spots. The leader said to shackal Hajile and the put heavy bracelets on Hajiles arms and there were linked together with chains. They made Hajile walk for a while-

When they got to a ship. The ship was huge and beautiful it had a shiny silver covering an it was as slick as a bullet. Hajile glanced up for a second and at the tip of the devine ship a flag swayed in the window like water in a babbling brook. The flag had colors as brilliant as the stars.

The figure pushed Hajile in to the ship and in to a cage. In the cage Hajile remembered what his people called Human Beings. The Human Beings captured Hajile people and had taken them away to never be seen again.

Hajile did not want to be taken away so he killed himself in his soul and to excape he used his gift to destroy by thinking about it and destroy the human beings and then Hajile went home.

of the city accompanied by a police officer. The woker states to Alfredo that "You will not be able to support and take care of you an your brothers. "Alfredo pleds with with him that, "It was my fathers last wish for me and my brothers to stay together." The worker not convinced that Alfredo would be a fit guardian, took the boys, and told Alfredo they would be at the misionary in case he wanted to visit. Alfredo watching his brothers go became very angry and vowed that he would get his family back.

That night Alfredo makes plans with a friend to get his brothers and flee the city. He plans to cause a little fire which his friends are going to start and when they are evacuating the misionary he will grab his brother in all the confusion an no one will notice. A soon as Alfredo has his brothers they are going to take the first boat to America. Alfredo now sits waiting for the fire. But as his friend lights the misionary he notices that it has become out of control and spreads quickly. Alfredo sees the fire and becomes excited about being with his brothers again. He hears screaming but not children are coming out, Alfredo became scared, and runs into the burning missionary. He sees oly flames and empty rooms. Alfredo calls for his brothers but nothing. As Alfredo makes his way for the door his is knockout by a falling beam, and dies in the fire.

The next day Alfredo's body is found in the burnt missionary. Now that the brother have nobody to take care of them, the social worker of San Juan contacts a relative in America, and ships the brothers to them. Alfredo never got his brothers back, and died at an early age because of anger and selfishenss. The end.

SELLING OUT

"Wut up" Tony heard as he put the phone to his ear. He didn't even ask who was speaking, he knew it was his friend Bob. "You want to go to the Bahamas?" his pal asked. "Hell Yea" Tony replied. This was nothing new, Tony and Bob always did everything together, and thought they always would, or would they.

One day Bob met Jaime, e fell in love with her immediately. Tony was friends with Jaime and all Bob said was "Hook me up." over and over.

Then finally Bob'ds dream came true. Jaime agreed to go out with him. After a week things weren't going so well, and whenever Tony would talk to Jaime Bob would say say things

like "you want her" or "Don't talk to her", but Tony told him they were just friends. Bob wouldn't listen and as things got worsewith Jaime Bob and Tony grew further apart.

Tony told Jaime "Don't go out with him anymore I want my old friend back", but he never meant it seriously. Then one day they broke up, Tony called Bob and told him "Sorry about what happened", but he felt that his friend would be over her in a week. Tony was wrong, he didn't get better, he actually grew worse as time passed. Then one night Tony was talkingto Jaime and decided to give more attention to his other friends and stop trying to hang out with a loser.

The House Across the Street

The house lifted off. Nobody knew what happened. That is of course..... except me. Some say demons did it. Others said,"It is the government." They are all wrong. I knew from the beginning there was something wrong with that house. To tell you what happened I have to tell the whole story.

My name is Mike Johnson. My family and I moved here about two years ago. We moved because my father got a new job working as an electrical engineer. My dad did his job well. Three other companies wanted him besides this one. He took it because it offered the most money. The hours sucked. At his first job he could pick me up from school. Now, I have to ride the bus. When I used to get home Old Man Grady would look at me through the window until he died.

He never came outside except to water his lawn. His daughter would bring him groceries every Tuesday. He had deep age lines in his face from making so many faces. He had silvery-gray,Christmas tinsel-like hair. His body looked stout rounded out by a big pot-belly.

The man that moved in acted even stranger than Mr. Grady. When he looked at you he hardly blinked. Like Mr. Grady he came out from time to time. He looked as wierd as a cat in a kennel. He would come outside at looked to the sky. He didn't even keep up the lawn. Weeds grew like arms choking the plants. Nobody noticed their peculiarity except me. Life went on the same way. The night before the house went up, lights flicked on and off in the attic. I knew something was going on. "Where are you going?" Mom asked. "I'm going to the store!" I shouted.. I put on all black clothes that made me look like a ninja. I put a penlight in my back pocket. Running as fast as I

could to the house I tripped on the lawn. I tried to lay snake-like and stiil. When I looked up there was the man with dark glasses on. He grabbed me a took me into the house. My jaws dropped at the sight I saw inside. The house didn't even look like a real house. It looked more like a spaceship. "Is this what you wanted to see?" The man asked. "What is this?" I asked. He told me the whole story. He was an alien-life form surveying the earth. "We plan to move to the earth after I tell the counsel on my home planet what I've seen here," he proclaimed. " You mean an.....an Alien Invasion!" I shouted. He laughed like some was tickling him and left the room. He must have been thinking that humans were inferior by the look on his face. I quickly jumped out the window. A tree broke my fall. When I hit the ground a seering, knife-like pain went through my arm. The pain didn't bother me once I remembered what I had to do. I dashed across the street and ran through my front door. "Where have you been?" Mom yelled. " You have been gone an hour!" She continued. "What are you talking about, Mom, I've only been go-" I stopped myself. Maybe from being in the house something happened. "Mom I know this sounds crazy, but aliens are going to take over the world," I said. "I don't want to hear anything you have to say, Go to your room!!" She shouted. I did what she said and went to my room. If mom won't listen to me nobody will. I knew she wouldn't believe me. At least I tried. "Who wil lisien to me?" I thought. My thought patterns became sparatic and frantic. i quickly made out a list fo people. I crossed out name after name after name until. "Yes, Profesor Jacobs will listen!" I shouted. I waited until morning to see him. "How are you doing this morning Mike?" He inquired. "No time for that Profesor I have to tell you something, something important," I answered. "Go right ahead son what's on your mind?" He uttered. I told him what I saw the night before. It looked like he thought I was crazy. "Why didn't you tell the authorities?" He interrogated. "Nobody would listen to me?" I gasped. Just then he started laughing histerically. "You human fool don't you remember who I am?" Oh no! He started puling away his mask to my suprise it was the man from the house. "What have you done with

Profesor Jacobs?!" I shouted. "I have sent him to my planet for dissection." He answered. Finally, he disappeared into a mist and left. The world needed to know about the house and the invasion. Too bad nobody would listen.

Devin Alenky
English
May 10, 1995

SPOILED ROTTEN

When I was little my Mother bought me everything I wanted except for one time when she didn't. We were in Toys-R-Us looking for a gift for a friend of mine. I was about five years old. I saw this huge Barbie Dream House and fell in love with it. I asked my Mother if I could buy it and she said, "no". I was surprised since I usually hear, "yes". I begged, but it didn't work. I cried but that didn't work either. Then I threw a fit in the middle of the store. My Mother was so embarrassed. After a while I got sick of throwing a fit so I chilled out.

I followed my Mom around the store a little while. I hated her at the time and decided to do something to get her mad at me. I walked away from her and ran as far away as I could. After a while I was just walking around all by myself. I started getting scared so I tried to find my Mom. I couldn't find her and began to realize I was lost! I was so scared. Finally a lady working there asked me where my Mommy was. I said I didn't know and started to cry. She took me to the front of the store. My Mom was already there and had been looking all over for me. She looked more upset than mad. She saw that I was crying and felt terrible, so terrible that she bought me the Barbie Dream House. I was very happy and I felt pretty slick.

I never ran away from my Mom after that. I did some other slick things, but I knew what I was doing. In Toys-R-Us I didn't. I was only trying to get my Mother mad. I guess she still feels bad for me. Maybe that's why I still get what I want or maybe I'm just a spoiled rotten brat.

BEST COPY AVAILABLE

I was chilling outside about 7:00 pm by a Oak Tree playing card with my friends. When a very strange flying car approach us, I couldn't see the person face the weird car flew away. I started thinking to myself it probably was a my relative of mine, thirty minutes later the same car came by again, my friend John and Pat was about to walk up to the car. While me and my friends was talking, around 8:15, the car passed by us three times. As I started walking home, the car followed me home. When I reach home, the strange car drove away. Later that night, I told my parent what had happen, they told me not to worry. The next day which was Saturday, I received a phone call, the voice on the phone was weird and squeaky. The person told me "Be Ware but Scared" I hang up the phone, and went to my friend house.

I met two of my other friends there and I told them what had just happen at my house, we decided to fight the strange person that evening. I left my friend's house and return home, I went inside my room, and started to watch my TV, while I was watching TV, I noticed a light was flashing outside my window. It was three small weird looking people about my height or a little taller. They had one big red eye, cone head, long sharp feet and hand, the color of their was light red and brown complexion. I ran to called my Dad he came inside my room but, he couldn't see the strange people. When I looked outside my window, they were there, but my Dad couldn't see it either, also the rest of my family I was the only one.

The next following day when I return to school, I told my friend John what had happen, the strange people I had seen outside of my window. How did they look he asked? Very weird, like Alien, yes like Alien, I said, What was strange? I was the only person in my family that could see them. What are you going to do John asked? I reply, I am going to wait until Halloween Night then what, John asked, I will have a plan.

On Halloween Night, I want you and Pat to go with me Trick-treating. John agreed to go also Pat. As we were walking through the Park, we were approached by three strange creatures that was following us. I stop and walk towards them Pat and John rush them on the ground, my, they looked like Alien. I said, what do you want from me.

I want to talk to you about something, how would you like to ride with me in my flying car for two days. It would be my pleasure I replied, can my friends come along as well for the ride too? Sure, it would be great. It was one of the greatest experience of my life. One which I would never forget as long as I lived. Thanks To My Alien Friends.

BEST COPY AVAILABLE

"Bring out your dead! Bring out your dead! The beast is here! The beast is strong! Bring out your dead! The end is near! The beast will come for you. You cannot hide from its fury! Bring out your dead!"

The mans voice echoed through the downtown streets of New York, among the rumbling substations and steaming sewers. A ringing bell in one hand and a bible in the other. Thousands of bodies lay in streets of the city, decomposing in the July heat.

"Bring out your dead! The plague is here . The end is at hand. Yet, if you manage to survive, the beast will come for you!"

The country and world is in total chaos. Thousands of people are running around New York looting and stealing, and at the same time shooting anyone who even looked at them wrong. Fires burn uncontrollably around the city. Gunfire is screaming all around. The military has been called in to try to take control. All of them looking like aliens with their gas masks and oxygen tanks to protect them. Their orders were to shoot anyone who looks sick on site. But despite the soldiers equipment, they were still dropping like flies. A man in an army uniform was walking down East Broadway was grabbed by the arm from the man with the bell.

"The beast is coming for you Jason! But you must believe!"

"How do you know my name?" exclaimed Jason, slightly shaken. And with that statement the man let go of Jason and continued down the street. Still yelling the same "Bring out your dead!".

"What the hell is this world coming to anyway," thought Jason.

Jason continued on his way to the bar on 14 street. Dodging behind burning cars to avoid stray bullets.

Jason finally reached the bar and pushed open the red door. The place was totally empty. The power was on in the building so Jason walked to one of the bar stools. There

were several bodies in the bar, several with unfinished drinks in hand. Jason continued around the bar and went behind it. He grabbed an open bottle of Jack Daniels old #7 and a shotglass. As he turned around he heard a click of a guns hammer going into place.

"What do ya want here?" a firm voice stated.

Jason turned around to find the barrel of a shotgun staring at him. "I just wanted a drink. That's all."

"That's all now, you weren't thinkin of robbin the place was ya," the firm voice said.

"No, all I want is a drink. And if you point that gun somewhere else, I'll pour you one to. On me."

"You sure your not dangerous or nuttin?" the man said.

"I don't think so?" The man steadied his aim. "No. I'm not dangerous."

"That's fine then. You sure can pour me a drink, but its on the house. I'm Bill Golding. I own the bar." exclaimed Bill.

"I'm Jason Padilla. Nice to meet ya." Jason poured Bill and himself a drink and they both downed them with no trouble.

"Boy, I tell ya. This whole plague thing has me really scared. I hear the whole country has it."

"The whole world." Jason interrupts as he pours two more drinks.

"The whole world?"

"Yep! This whole Captain Death plague got to other countries. At least that's what I heard. Its been killing everything in its path. Don't tell anyone but it was a Military Biological warfare screwup. Somehow one of our bugs got out, and they expect us to clean it up." Jason and Bill took the second shot. This time Jason let out a slight cough after.

"You don't got it, do ya?" Bill stated slightly backing up.

"No, that was just the whiskey taking effect. I feel fine. From the start I haven't had one sneeze or cough. How 'bout you?"

"Naw I don't got nuttin. I actually feel better than ever. " he said.

"Well that's good." said Jason.

At that same moment a telephone rang somewhere under the bar.

"The phones still work!" asked Jason slightly shocked.

"What do you mean?" questioned Bill.

"Don't you here the phone ringing?"

"Nope, I don't here a thing."

"Its coming from over there." Jason looked towards the bar and pointed behind it. Then he heard a cough . When he turned around to see who it was he saw Bill lying dead on the floor.

Jason woke up to find himself soaked in sweat in his bed

"Was it all a nightmare?" The phone in his room continued to ring. He glanced at the digital clock and saw that it was 1:22 in the morning.

"Who could that be at this time in the morning. "

He picked up the phone and put it to his ear.

"Hello?"

"General Paddilla. This is Sergeant Marsh down at the lab in Albany."

"Yes sergeant. What is it."asked Paddilla. He heard the sergeant let out a phlegmy cough.

"Well sir. One of the bugs got loose in the lab! Were all dying in here! The Captain Death that we were testing got loose!"

Alarmed Jason sat up in his bed.

"Was it contained?"

"No sir. It got loose!!....."